HENRY the Sixth.

The Second Part.

OR THE

MISERY

OF

CIVIL WAR,

As it was Acted at the

Dukes Theatre.

Written by Mr. *CROWN.*

LONDON,

Printed for *R. Bentley*, and *M. Magnes*, in *Russel-Street*, in *Covent-Garden*. 1681.

C886
H681

The Prologue.

With much ado a Prologue *we obtain'd,*
From th' Author who this good old Play *did mend.*
He ſaid a Prologue *was a Painted Clout,*
Only to tell the Shew *within, hung out,*
And he no pains wou'd on the Clout beſtow,
When very few wou'd come to ſee the Show.
The Comet *that laſt Summer flam'd above,*
Has dropt his Pitch in every Diſh you love.
Poor ſlighted Wit is flung among the Swine,
Like Grapes in France, *now you forbid their Wine.*
Play-Houſes *like forſaken Barns are grown,*
The luſty Threſhers of both ends of Town.
Let the Corn rot, and give their Labour o're,
And ſo the Vizards cackle here no more:
Or if they hither come 'tis but for fear,
Leſt zealous Conſtables find 'em elſewhere,
And their torn Coats for Romiſh Reliques ſeize,
And the poor Girles for Painted Images.
Thus all your Pleaſures wither and decay,
You 've ſuck'd the Globe, and flung the ſhell away.
As for our wretched ſelves we are forc'd ſtill,
To chaw down Poetry *againſt our will,*
But little Pleaſure it to us does give,
We ſwallow it as Sick-Men eat, to live.
And to preſerve your Stomacks we make bold,
To Cram you every day with New or Old.
To day we bring old gather'd Herbs, 'tis true,
But ſuch as in ſweet Shakeſpears *Garden grew.*
And all his Plants immortal you eſteem,
Your Mouthes are never out of taſte with him.
Howe're to make your Appetites more keen,
Not only oyly Words are ſprinkled in;
But what to pleaſe you gives us better hop',
A little Vineger againſt the Pope.

The Perſons Repreſented in the PLAY.

King *Henry the* Sixth, — By Mr. *Joſ. Williams.*

Humphry Duke of *Gloceſter*, Lord Protector of the Kingdom, and Uncle to the King, being Brother to King *Henry* the 5th, — By Mr. *Batterton.*

The *Cardinal* —— a Baſtard Son of *John* of *Gaunt*, and ſo Uncle to Duke *Humphry.* — By Mr. *Harris.*

Richard Plantagenet, Heir of the Houſe of *York*, pretender to the Crown. — By Mr. *D. Williams.*

Duke of *Buckingham.*

Earl of *Warwick.*

Earl of *Salisbury.*

Duke of *Suffolk*, a Lover of the Queen. — By Mr. *Smith.*

Queen *Margaret*, Wife of King *Henry* the 6th, in Love with the Duke of *Suffolk.* — By my La. *Slingsby.*

Elianor, Ducheſs of *Gloceſter*, Wife to the Lord Protector. — By Mrs. *Batterton.*

Sheriff of *London*, Sir *John Stanly.* — *Attendants.*

SCENE, The Court at *Weſtminſter.*

TO

TO

Sir CHARLES SEDLEY BARONET.

SIR,

I *Am afraid I shall displease you, by setting your Name, before so scandalous a thing as a Pamphlet of mine; but when I have told you the reason, I believe you will pardon me. I make not use of your Name to add a lustre to mine; I am not so much concerned for it. Fame built on Poetry is like a Castle in the Air, which the next Wind demolishes. I have heard of great Armies Mustered in the Air, but never of any thing they Conquered. Such are the Forces of Poetry, I have had my Ears torn with the noise of a Poets Drums and Trumpets, of the Bellowing of his Allors, and the clapping of his Audience, but I never heard of one inch of firm Land he gained. All he fought for was Inchanted Ground, which now he seems to possess, and anon it vanishes, has nothing real in it but the vexation of obscene Birds, which disturb him with their croaking, whilst he wakes, and defile him by muting upon him if ever he sleeps. No wise Man can much regard what his share is in such a barren and floating Place.*

My concernment is for some little Truth and good Sense, Commodities which no one will expect to find aboard such a Paper Boat, as a Play, were it not convoy'd by so flourishing and great Reputation as yours. I speak not my own, but the opinion of some of the wisest Men of this Age, this Play is no indifferent Satyre upon the most pompous fortunate and potent Folly, that ever reigned over the minds of men, called Popery. My Lord Bacon *says, good Books ought to have no other Patrons but Truth and Reason. Many other things ought to be, that never will. If Truth and Reason were things so potent, how came Folly and Error to prevail over 'em in all Ages and Nations? How came Wisdom to live among the Antients in Porches and Tubs, and Fools to shine in Palaces whilst living, and in Temples when dead? How came Truth among Christians to be troden under foot, for several hundreds of Years, whilst Error and Folly rode on mens Shoulders, and trod on Princes Necks? Mens Shoulders had never been so ill us'd, if their Heads had been good. And when a Germane Fryar discovered Truth, by an accident as strange as another did*

Gun-

Gunpowder, how came the latter mischievous invention, to have fifty times the success of the former, and to pierce a hundred times as many Heads and Hearts? If Truth in Schools and Churches meet so much contempt, what must it expect in so wretched a thing as a Play is now esteemed? The wisest Men among the Ancients indeed, thought themselves scarce wise enough to judge Drammatique Poetry, but ours think themselves much too Wise, and throw it off as a Trifle for Women and Fools to play with; and by that means it pines more and more into a Trifle. For what vigour soever is necessary to please Ladies elsewhere, Impotence best delights e'm upon the Stage. The Poets that will hit the right Mark, must aim at the Boxes, and what Arrows they shoot over them are all lost, nor are our Male Judges of a more Masculine Spirit. I have always observed when an Actor talks Sense, the Audience begins to sleep, but when an unnatural passion sets him a grimacing and howling as if he were in a fit of the Stone, they immediately waken, listen, and stare, as if some rare Operator were about to Cut him: In short, Sense is so great a stranger to the most, that it is never welcome to Company for its own sake, but the sake of the Introducer. For this reason I use your Name to guide that share of it is in this Play through the Press, as I did Shakespear's *to support it on the Stage. I called it in the Prologue* Shakespear's *Play, though he has no Title to the 40th part of it. The Text I took out of his Second Part of* Henry *the Sixth, but as most Texts are serv'd, I left it as soon as I could. For though* Shakespear *be generally very delightful, he is not so always. His Volumn is all up-hill and down;* Paradise *was never more pleasant than some parts of it, nor* Ireland *and* Greenland *colder, and more uninhabitable then others. And I have undertaken to cultivate one of the most barren Places in it. The Trees are all Shrubs, and the Men Pigmies, nothing has any Spirit, or shape; the Cardinal is duller then ever Priest was. And he has hudled up the Murder of Duke* Humphry, *as if he had been guilty of himself, and was afraid to shew how it was done: But I have been more bold, to the great displeasure of some, who are it seems ashamed of their own mysteries, for there is not a Tool us'd in the murder of Duke* Humphry *in this Play, but what is taken out of their own Church Armory, nor a word put into the mouth of the* Cardinal *and his foolish Instruments, but what first dropt from the Heads that adorn their own Church Battlements. I cou'd be large in Quotations did I not nauseate Pedantry. I shall only shew that what serves here to make the Comical part of a Play, does in the Popish Countries compose the gravest part of their Devotion. I make the foolish Murderer complain that he cou'd not thrive, though he kept every Day a Holy-day in honour of some Saint. Now nothing is more known then that in those Countries, the great Trafique between them and their Saints, almost ruine all other Trades. The People are forced to keep so many Holy-days, that they have not Working-days enough to keep themselves; when they shou'd be labouring to fill their Bellies, they are cramming* Latine *into their Mouths, in the honour of some Saint, who perhaps understands not a word of the Language, unless he learnt it since he died, which is a great doubt. And they have so many Saints, that the People in Heaven starve those upon Earth, and contrary to what is done in other Famines, the Dead devour the Living. No Manufa-*

Fury thrives like that of Saint-making, all others must contribute to that, and even the Workmanship of God must grow poor to enrich that of the Priests. When all the Saints had disappointed this poor Fellow, I make him go to a Priest for advice, who instead of bidding him follow his calling, sets him a mumbling a Prayer, which he tells him is of that efficacy, that if he says it over Thirty Days together, it will procure him in the end what ever he asks for. What appears too ridiculous here for the mouth of a Stage-fool, in a Country no less polished then France, *is recommended to the Faith and Devotion of no less a Prince then the* Dauphin, *in a little Book entitled,*

HEVRES Dedidees a Monsiegneur le Dauphin, contenant L' Office qui se dit en L' Eglise, avec l' Exercice du Matin, & en soir, & le Catechisme dresse par les Peres de la Mission.

The Prayer is to the Virgin Mary, *in the* 229th *Page, in the middle of the Prayer 'tis said,* ——Here demand what ever you please.

When this Prayer would not do, I make the Priest give him another, conveyed by an Angel as he says into the Grave of a Germane Lady, who had her Head cut off, and lived after it two and twenty Hours, not being able to die, till she had Confessed and Communicated. And the Prayer had this miraculous power annext to it, that whosoever did but carry it about him, shou'd never suffer by Sea or by Land, &c. *This I found in a little French Book of Devotion to the* Virgin Mary, *Licenced by the Fathers of the* Augustine Friars, *as containing nothing in it contrary to Catholick Faith, and recommended to the People with an extraordinary Approbation; by what Charter these Prayers claim such great Priviledges, is not said, yet must be believed. Some think me very profane, for bringing what belongs to the Church upon the Stage; but they may allow me that, since they have carried many things that belong to the Stage into the Church. To expose these Follies to the People is the business of this Play, and I believe you will pardon me that I borrow some assistance from your Reputation, since you your self have of late to your very great Honour, employ'd your Interest and excellent Understanding in the same design. And though you can do it better in common Conversation, then I by all my Study and Premeditation, It follows not, because Lightning sometimes shoots through all the Heavens, and rends the Oaks, a Man may not light a Candle in the Night: To hinder this Rush light from being blown out, is the reason why I place your Name before it. I have a mind the Play shou'd be read, and every one will read it, if they think you like it. I know few Understandings so universally esteem'd as yours, and for so good Reason. It wou'd be foolish in me to Lash out into unnecessary praises of a Wit that has been so long the delight and ornament of the Nation, and is now become the Defence of what is very dear to it, Truth, Liberty, and Property. I have so deeply felt, what the loss of Property is, that I cannot but honour the Defenders of it, though their defence comes too late to me. I may appear vain in my complaint, but People will Groan when they are in pain; my Father, and by consequence my self, his Heir, was stript long since (by the advice of some ill great Men, who sacrifice*

both

both private and publick Interest to their own) of the Moity of a Province so considerable, the French Crown *thought it worth contending for, many Years. And if that fortunate Kingdom strove for it, you may imagine they got it. I have great hopes of a speedy reparation from the great Justice Clemency and Goodness of his Majesty. But this loss made me run into that Madness, call'd Poetry, and inhabit that Bedlam, call'd a Stage. I have been so happy, that for several Years, certain Gentlemen unknown to me, have fallen on me, and endeavoured to Bleed me when ever I appear'd. I wish I knew 'em, that I might thank 'em for the Kindness they have done me, though they design'd me nothing but Mischief. The grounds of their Antipathy I know not. Fools I confess may be very well moved to bark at Poets, from the same cause, that they say all kind of Dogs do at Skinners, from a natural instinct that gives 'em notice their own Hides are in danger. But I have no great scent of Blood upon me, and therefore must impute their Aversions to those Occult Qualities that puzle Philosophers. This convinces me, 'tis necessary for me to flie to some Wise Mins protection; and I cannot be safer than under yours. Poets are too poor to be beg'd, 'tis well if they can get Guardians for begging. I am confident you will be entreated to take upon you the Guardianship of this little parcel of a Mad-mans Estate, now I have told you for what good uses it 'tis design'd. And if so, this will do well, and I shall live at ease, for those who will behave themselves very rudely to me as a Poet, and to this as a thing for publick entertainment, will be very civil to this when it is under your care, and to me when I am received by you: For*

SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

JOHN CROWN.

Henry

Henry the Sixth;

OR, THE

MURDER

OF THE

Duke of Gloceſter.

The FIRST PART.

ACT. I.

Enter Humphry *Duke of* Gloceſter, *Duke of* York, *Cardinal* Beauford, *Duke of* Somerſet, *Duke of* Buckingham, *Earl of* Salisbury, *Earl of* Warwick.

Glo. MY Lords, you cannot but have ſeen of late
Much diſcontent ſit always on my Brow.
All Men that know me well, muſt know, no private
Petty concernment can unfix my mind.
No; (ſome will think perhaps I ſpeak too proudly,
I care not what they think, I'le ſpeak my Mind)
Nothing has weight enough to preſs my ſpirits
Leſs than the great Misfortunes of the Kingdom.
Card. So! how my Lord Protector gracefully —— *aſide.*
Uſhers himſelf into theſe Lords eſteem?
What boſom here now will not bid him welcome?
I hate him, but I will not let him know it,
Till I can let him know it to his ruine.

Glo. Ah! my Lords, Did my valiant glorious Brother,
Henry the Fifth, erect the Law of *England*
Above the *Roman*, or the *Macedonian?*
Do things, that made the Continent all tremble,
When e're the favourable Winds unlockt
The floating Gates of this our little World,
To let out that our brave Warriors to invade it,
That *France* not only did confess it self
A Vassal to his Royal *English* Blood;
But the whole Empire of the World did seem
To own it self the Birth right of his Valour?
Yo. Eternity shall ne'r wear out the Characters
Of his Renown, which his keen Sword engrav'd.
Glo. Ay, yes his fame shall last; but not his Empire:
He's dead, and with him his great Empire dies:
All that his Valour got, all that the vigilance
And wisdom of my Brother *Bedford* kept:
All that your selves and I, have early and late
Study'd to keep, and kept some years with glory,
Crowning our King in *Paris* in his Infancy,
Making Proud *France* bow to an *English* Child.
All, all these Labours, Victories and Glories,
Are melting down in a soft beautious bosom,
Given away to purchase a Fair Face.
A fatal Marriage in one fatal minute
Has spoyl d the Work of many glorious years.
Card. Nephew, you are more passionate than needs;
France is not gone, nor shall it go so easily.
Glo. No, 'tis not gone indeed, but all the sluces
Are pulling up, and it is going fast.
'Tis pouring out apace in Provinces;
The new made Duke of *Suffolk* gives whole Provinces
To buy the King a Wife, *Anjou* and *Maine*
Are frankly given to the Queen's poor Father
King *Reignier*, whose high and flowing style
Dwells far above the Banks of his low Purse,
But he must have these Provinces to fill it.
Of such low value, in this Duke's esteem,
Is all the purchase of our Blood, that he
Will give it all away for Blushing Cheeks.
Sal. Those Dukedoms were the Keys of *Normandy.*
My Lord of *Warwick* Weeps——Why weeps my Son?
War. Who wou'd not weep to see his own Blood cheapned
And sold before his Face at a low rate?
I won those Provinces, and what I got
With Wounds, is given away with peaceful words.

Glo. Yes.

Glo. Yes, and to make it even ridiculous,
The Duke of *Suffolk* Asks a whole Fifteenth
For Charges, to Transport the Queen to *England.*
What? Was there ne'r a Beauty in the World
Besides the Queen? yes, sure there was in *England*;
Had the King so much doted upon Beauty,
He might have Married one of His fair Subjects,
And had more Beauty at a cheaper rate.
Card. My Lord of *Glocester*, this is hot discourse,
And, as I think, to very little purpose;
Since what is done, now cannot be recall'd;
And what is done, was done to please the King.
Glo. My Lord of *Winchester* I understand you;
'Tis not my hot Discourse, but Presence warms you.
You have a Fester'd Mind, and 'twill break out;
I saw it in your Face; if I stay longer
We shall begin our antient Bickerings:
But such small matters shall not trouble me,
I will be gone; but e're I go I'le Prophesy,
France will be lost: but I desire to prove
As False a Prophet, as you are a Priest —— *Exeunt.*
Card. Affronted thus? 'Pox o' these fumbling Robes! *(aside.)*
How came my Warlike Spirit wrapt in these
Formalities, that hold my hands from Blood?
I'm fitter for a Sword, and I will use one ——
Did you not hear the good Protector, Lords?
Expect what usage you will have; when I
His Unckle, and a Priest, am thus abus'd.
You see how well his Enmity is heal'd;
And he has much the same kindness for you,
And indeed for the King. He makes great shew
Of Zeal for *England*, and he has great zeal for it
That is t'enjoy it; he is heir apparent;
And the King cannot please him by a Marriage,
Unless he'd Wed an Altar, or a Cell.
Be not, my Lords, cheated with his smooth words.
What though the fooliſh common people dote on him,
Clapping their hands, and shouting when they see him,
Crying, Heaven save your Royal Excellence,
And call him always the good Duke of *Glocester?*
They are Fools, and know not Men, nor what they love;
Uncheat e'm; but however save the King,
Protect him from his dangerous Protector.
Buck. Why shou'd the King, my Lords, have a Protector?
He is of age (I think) to rule himself.
My Lord of *Somerset* joyn you with me,

We

We, with the Duke of *Suffolks* ayd, will hoyſe
Duke *Humphry* from his Seat.
Card. This weighty buſineſs
Brooks no delay; I'le to the Duke of *Suffolk*——*Exit.*
Som. Though the Protector's Pride and Greatneſs vex us,
The Cardinal's Inſolence is more intolerable;
If *Gloſter* be diſplac'd he'l be Protector.
Buck. If *Gloſter* falls, or you or I'le ſucceed —— *Ex.* Buck, *and* Sal.
Sal. So! ſo! the Kingdom will thrive well no doubt,
When all will rend her for their private ends.
I never ſaw but the good Duke of *Gloceſter*
Bore himſelf like a Noble Gentleman;
But I have ſeen the Cardinal demean himſelf
More like a Soldier than a Prieſt; he'l often
Swear like a Ruffian, quarrel like a Hector,
Trample on all, as he were Lord of all:
My worthy Son, and you my Lord of *York*,
My valiant Brother, let us joyn together,
And ſhew the Kingdom has ſome good Men in it,
Who faithfully will ſerve their King and Country,
And ayd all others who promote that work,
And among thoſe I reckon the Protector.
War. So heaven help me, as I love my Country. — (*Ex.* Sal, *&* War.
Yo. And ſo ſay I, for I have greateſt cauſe,
Anjou and *Main* are given to the *French*.
Two Dukedoms, given for a Dukes fair Daughter.
Henry, I blame thee not: What is it to thee?
Thou doſt not give away thine own, but mine.
Pirates may make cheap penny-worths of their Pillage.
Whilſt the poor injur'd owner ſtands aloofe,
And ſhakes his head, and weeps, and wrings his hands,
And ſees his Goods all borne away, and dares
Not touch his own, or ſcarcely call it his.
England, and *France*, and *Ireland*, are my Kingdoms.
One day I may both claim and ſeize my own,
And from weak *Henry*'s Head may pull the Crown:
Theſe high fierce Tempeſts methinks make it ſhake.
What opportunity they give, I'le take. (*Exit.*

Enter Duke of Glocester, *and his Dutcheſs* Elianor.

Eli. Why droops my Lord, and on the ſullen Earth
Fixes his Eyes? What doſt thou there behold
King *Henry*'s Diadem fallen from his Head,
Too feeble to ſupport the mighty weight?
If it be that thou look'ſt on, gaze thy fill,

Put forth thy hand, and reach the glorious Gold.
Glo. Oh *Nell!* ſweet *Nell!* if thou doſt love thy ſelf,
Baniſh the Canker of Ambitious thoughts,
They will devour thy Peace, thy Life, thy Soul.
May the curſt hour, when I imagine ill
Againſt my Royal Nephew, vertuous *Henry*,
Be my laſt breathing in this mortal World.
Eli. I wiſh the ſame to me; but, Is it ill
To the good Pious King, to take from him
A heavy Weight that preſſes him to Earth,
An Element his heavenly mind abhors?
His thoughts are all above, and Royal cares
Tear e'm, and pull e'm down to earth in ſpite of him,
And, What a torment to him muſt that be?
It is unjuſt to let ſo good a Prince
So cruelly be tortur'd with a Crown.
Gloc. Oh *Elianour!* away with thy fond words,
Thou mayſt deceive thy ſelf, thou canſt not me:
Haſt thou in my Embraces layn ſo long,
And am I yet wholly a ſtranger to thee?
I find thy high aſpiring thoughts did ſtudy
My honor, and my offices, not me.
Thou know'ſt them well, thou haſt weigh'd them exactly,
But me thou art an utter ſtranger to,
Or thou woud'ſt never tempt me to diſloyalty.
Eli. He is the loyal Subject ſeeks to pleaſe
His King, and not himſelf: 'Tis more diſloyalty
T'impoſe a Crown upon Religious *Henry*,
Than 'tis to Uſurp one from another King.
But you are only Loyal to your ſelf,
And your own fame; becauſe to take the Crown
The World wou'd call Diſloyalty and Treaſon;
You wrong the King, to ſave your own renown.
Glo. Away, away fond *Elianor!*——— as Nature
Has given you Women thinner skins than Men,
Through which your working blood is eaſier ſeen;
So thinner Arts to hide your laboring thoughts.
Do not I know your thoughts, deſigns, and ſoul,
And all you'd work me to as well as you?
You would have me throw my ſelf down to Villany,
To exalt you in place above the Queen.
Blaſt my Renown and Soul to all eternity,
To pleaſe your haughtineſs for ſome few years.
Oh *Elianor!* now I muſt Chide outright;
Preſumptuous, unkind, ill-minded *Elianor!*
Are you not the ſecond Woman in the Kingdom?

Have

H ve you not Worldly Pleaſure at command?
A greater circle of delight, than all
Thy Soul can range about in thy whole Life?
Yet not content with theſe, Wilt thou be forging
New impious honors, till pil'd heap on heap
They fall, and overwhelm thy ſelf and me?
Eli. I muſt confeſs I mortally abhor,
And ſcorn that Woman, which is now my Queen.
Oh! hateful thought! ſhe! ſhe! my Queen —— a Vaſſal
Of *France* ſubdu'd by us into a Province;
And ſhe a Beggar in that Conquer'd Province,
Become the Queen, and Miſtriſs of her Conquerors;
I the firſt Woman of Victorious *England*,
Bow to the laſt of low dejected *France?*
Prepoſterous! ignominious! baſe! contemptible!
Had you the ſpirit of an Engliſh Conqueror,
You wou'd not bear it——but you have it not.
The mighty fire, that burnt ſo bright and hot
In the brave Engliſh Souls of the laſt Age,
Is blazing now its laſt in me a Woman;
Who can no more than greatly think and talk;
A ſhrewd ſign heaven is taking from us *France*,
Since he takes from us ſpirits that ſhou'd rule it.
And yet were I but Queen of *England* once,
I wou'd not doubt but to keep Conquer'd *France*.
Though Kings, and Lord Protectors cannot do it.
Glo. Talk not of ruling Kingdoms, rule your ſelf.
That I lament the King's moſt fatal Marriage,
The Queen her ſelf, and all the Kingdom knows:
But I abhor it not for Womaniſh cauſes,
Becauſe my Wive's inferior goes before her;
But becauſe *France*, *England's* inferior,
Will by this Match aſcend above her Conqueror:
We give two Provinces to buy a Wife,
Who brings nought with her but a ſhameful Peace,
And this is that cauſes my preſent ſadneſs.
Eli. And ſadneſs will redreſs your Country's Griefs.
Gl. Yes! He ſhall dye that wrought e'm, trayterous *Suffolk*.
Eli. If *Suffolk* dyes for bringing ſuch a Curſe on us,
What ſhou'd be done to her who is that Curſe?
Let her not live, or rather let her live,
But live no Queen ——.
Glo. But ſubject to your ſelf ——
Eli. I almoſt ſcorn to have ſo poor a Subject.
Glo. Ah, *Eliaor!* thy Pride, and my fond Love
To thee, will bring deſtruction on us both.

Have I not Griefs enow already on me,
And Enemies enow that plot my ruine?
But you muſt be among the number of e'm?
Eli. I'em Enemy to nothing but the Queen;
And I'le to her be an implacable
And Devilliſh Enemy, whil'ſt ſhe is a Queen:
Let her be poor Dame *Margaret*, and my Subject,
And I will Sign her then an Act of Grace.
Glo. You will comply in nothing to pleaſe me.
Eli. I will comply in every thing I can;
But I muſt hate the Queen in ſpite of me.
Glo. If thou muſt hate her, do; but yet love me.
Eli. I hope you doubt not that, my Lord.
Glo. I do not.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſen. My Lord Protector, 'tis His Majeſties pleaſure
You prepare to ride to S. *Albans*,
Where both the King and Queen are a going to Hawke.
Glo. I go! —— Come *Nell*—Wilt thou along with us?— *Ex.*
Eli. Yes, my good Lord, I'le follow preſently.
Follow — I that's the Word—follow I muſt,
Whil'ſt *Gloceſter* bears this baſe and humble mind.
My Spirit cries, go firſt; the Duke ſayes, follow:
Shall I obey my Husband, or my Soul?
My Soul is my ſelf, he but my other ſelf;
And by his humble mind my weaker ſelf:
Well, I will play my part in Fortune; Pageant
Where are you thee? Sir *John*——nay, fear not Man,
We are alone, here's none but thee and I.

Enter Humes.

Hume. Heaven preſerve your Majeſty.
Eli. My Majeſty?
Hume. Yes, that will be your Title very ſhortly.
Eli. Has my infernal friend the Devil ſaid this,
By his Prieſt and Prieſteſs the Conjurer and Witch?
Haſt thou conferr'd with e'm?
Hume. Madam I have.
Eli. And Will they undertake to do me ſervice?
Hume They have promiſed from the infernal deeps to dragge
One of the Spirits that of old gave Oracles,
Whoſe fiery eye, by its own Native Light,
Sees all that's hidden in Fates dark Abyſs,

As plain as we Mortals when they come to light:
This Spirit shall make Answer to all Questions,
That it shall please your Grace to pose him with.
Eli. It is enough. I'le think upon the Questions.
Here, *Hume*, take this reward, make merry Man
With thy Confederates in this weighty business.
Hume. I humbly thank your Grace —— *Exit.*

Enter the Duke of Suffolk *talking with the* Queen.

Eli. See, here comes she
That blasts my eyes worse than the Spirit can do
The Witch will raise out of th' Infernal deep;
And with her, her damn'd Minion, Trayterous *Suffolk*.
That I were now a Pestilence to cover her
From head to foot with tort'ring deadly sores.
I will throw scorn on her as I pass by,
A thing a Woman hates worse than the Plague.
And I will undermine her Royal Glories,
If digging deep as lowest Hell will do it.
I'le climbe the Throne, or else to Hell I'le fall;
If Heaven won't make me great, the Devil shall.
Qu. Ha! Did you not observe, my Lord of *Suffolk*,
With what contempt that Woman look'd upon me,
As she past by?
Suff. I saw it, and I laugh'd at it.
Qu. Ho! call her back, and fling her at my feet.
Suff. She shall fall shortly there, and lower too,
If my Plots fail not.——

Enter Petitioners, Peter *the Armorers Man being one.*
1. *Pet.* May it please your Grace.
Suff. What woud'st thou have with me?
1. *Pet.* I think you be my Lord Protectors Grace,
If you be, prav your Grace see my Petition.
2. *Pet.* And mine.
3 *Pet.* And mine ——an't please your Grace,
Qu. So, All Petitions to the Protector's Grace,
The Kingdom s supplications all to him,
And all the Ladies follow his Wives Train:
The King and I are only Royal Cyphers,
Flourish'd and guilded only with fine Titles.
Come, What are your Petitions? let me see e'm.
1. *Pet.* Mine is, an't please you Madam, against *John Goodman*, my Lord Cardinall's Man, for keeping my House, and my Lands, and my Wife from me.

Suff. How?

Suff. How? thy Wife from thee too? that's very hard.

1. *Pet.* Nay, an't pleaſe your Grace, let him give me my Houſe and my Lands, and let him keep my Wife an' he will, I do not care, now he has had her ſo long.

Suff. What's yours? What's here? Againſt the Duke of *Suffolk*, for Encloſing the Commons of *Melford*? How now you Raſcal?

2. *Pet.* An't pleaſe your Grace I am but a poor Petitioner of our whole Townſhip.

Pet. Mine is againſt my Maſter *Thomas Horner*, for ſaying, the Duke of *York* is lawful Heir to the Crown.

Qu. How?

Pet. Yes, and that the King is but an Uſurper.

Qu. There's a Villain indeed.

Suff. Who is there?

Enter a Servant.

Take this Fellow in, and ſend for a Purſuivant preſently,
We'l hear more of this Matter before the King.

Qu. You, here; who ſhroud your ſelves under the Protector,
Begin your Suits anew, and ſue to him. (*Tears their Petitions.*
This is the Duke of *Suffolk*, I'me your Queen.

2 *Pet.* The Duke of *Suffolk!* oh! I am undone!

Qu. Away you Slaves! ho! turn theſe Fellows out.
Is this the Faſhion in the Court of *England?*
Is this the Royalty of t'' Engliſh King,
To be a Pupil to a Gove nour?
Am I a Queen, yet Subject to a Duke?
Oh my *La Poole!* when in the City *Tours*
Thou rann'ſt a tilt in honour of my Love,
And ſtol'ſt away the Ladies hearts of *France*;
I from thy Graces copyed in my Mind
A charming glorious Picture of King *Henry*;
I thought thy Courage, Courtſhip, and Proportion,
Had been brave Shadows, of thy braver King.
But oh! there ne'r was Woman ſo deceiv'd
At the firſt ſight of the Kings ſad grave Look;
The golden Image of him in my mind
Fell down upon my heart, and almoſt broke it.
My heavy heart ſunk in a Royal ſhadow,
And greater was the fall, becauſe before
It ſtood on high and golden expectations.
Ah! never was ſo ſad a fall, as that
From glorious *Suffolk*, down to ſoft King *Henry*.

Suff. Madam, be patient, for I Married you,
Not to the poor weak King, but to the brave Kingdom,

And that I'le make a glorious Husband to you.
Qu. Indeed the Marriage 'tween the King and me
Is but a ſtrange one; for to ſpeak the truth,
I'm Wedded to the Throne more than to him,
And he is Married more to Heaven than me.
His Soul is Married to all the Saints in Heaven;
Heaven is the King's ſpacious Seraglio:
There his heart lives; that which he leaves below
With me, and with the Kingdom, is a ſhadow.
Suff. He is indeed no more but a King's Ghoſt,
That walks in night; it has been night in *England*
E'r ſince that Glorious Sun, his Father, ſet.
And *France* and *England*, like two metled Steeds
Bound, ſtartle, break their reins, and run away,
At ſight of this pale Ghoſt; nor will be Govern'd.
Qu. 'Twere night with *England*, I am ſure with me,
If 'twere not for my glorious *La Poole*.
If 'twere not for thee, *England*, were Hell to me,
And I tormented with Infernal pains,
Under the Arrogance of the Protector,
Of Cardinal *Beauford*, that imperious Church-Man,
Of *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*, and grumbling *York*,
For each of theſe is greater than the King.
Suff. And *Salisbury*, and *Warwick* are as great as they.
Qu. Indeed, for any thing that I can ſee,
The King's the only Subject in the Kingdom.
He obeys all, and no one obeys him.
But all this does not vex me half ſo much,
As the intolerable inſolence
Of that proud Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife.
She invades the Court each day, with Troopes of Ladies,
And vanquiſhes my Glory ſo entirely,
That I appear a little falling Star,
And ſhe a Comet upon whom all gaze.
Her very Habit does exceed in coſt
Th' expences of a little Princes Court.
She Swim's along the Court, like a Guilt Ship,
New come from *India*, laden all with Jewels,
And then ſhe ſcorns to ſtrike her Sayl to me,
But over-looks me, like a little Pinke
Laden with Toyes and Fripperies from *France*.
This ſlave to Pride, that ſhou'd be ſlave to me,
Vaunted amongſt her Minions the other day,
The very Train of her worſt wearing Gown,
Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,
Till *Suffolk* gave two Dukedoms for his Daughter.

Suff. Laugh

Suff. Laugh at her Pride; for, Madam, it shall shortly
Be your Divertisement, and her Destruction.
I've dug a Pit for the fierce Lyoness.
Who, greedy of Honor, ranges to the very
Suburbs of Hell for it; and I've turn'd loose
Jackalls to tempt her to the Pit in shew,
Of guiding her to her desired Prey.
See here comes one of my Jackalls——Sir *John*
What News?

Enter Humes.

Humes. Good News, my Lord, I have been with the Duchess,
And did Salute her in the Devil's Name,
With the Title of Majesty.
Suff. Ha! ha! ha! (*Laughs.*)
Qu. What do you mean?
Suff. Madam, the Story will make you Laugh; the Duchess
Is going to the Devil for Preferment.
Qu. How? To the Devil?
Suff. Yes; and bribes this Gentleman,
To find out some of the Devil's Spyes and Agents,
To ayd her in a Correspondence with him.
Humes. Madam, it is most true, and I've found out
One *Margery Jordan*, an experienc'd Witch,
And *Roger Bullingbrook* a Conjurer,
And they pretend they'l raise from Hell a Spirit
Shall tell her all she'l aske.
Qu. Sure they are Cheats.
Suff. They shall be Cheats to her, and her Duke *Humphry*.
Two mortal Devils, call'd *York* and *Buckingham*,
Shall send their Devil to Hell, and carry her
To what she more than Hell abhors, to shame
And ruine, and her Duke shall quickly follow:
He must have share of it in spite of him.
Qu. Oh! my *La Poole*, that I were now in private (*aside.*
To Kiss thee for this Plot! Oh! 'tis a rare one!
Humes, carry on this Plot, here's Gold for thee,
Thou shalt have more.
Humes. So, the Gold tumbles in
On every side of me, but 'tis no wonder. (*aside.*
I serve the Master of the Mines of the Devil,
And how in Hell he uses Slaves I know not:
He is an excellent Master in this World (*Exit.*
Qu. Oh! *Suffolk!* thou didst never look so lovely
In all thy Life as now; nor did I ever

Feel

Feel ſuch tranſporting pleaſure in my Soul.
Now I ſhall be a Queen.
Suff. A glorious one.
I'm ſure the faireſt *England* ever ſaw.
Qu. Oh! *Suffolk!* braveſt, lovelieſt of Men!
I'm trebly bleſt by thee, thou doſt delight
My Love, and my Revenge, and my Ambition.
Now all the Ladies that in ſcorn of me,
Flatter'd and waited on proud *Gloſter*'s Wife,
Shall ſuddenly repent their ſawcy follies.
Suff. The Duke's of *Somerſet*, and *Buckingham*,
With the Inſolent Cardinal, ſhall all fall too.
As for the Duke of *York*, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit;
So one by one we'l tumble e'm all down.
Qu. And on the Ruines of 'em all, we'l revel.
Suff. And *England* at the Queen's command ſhall be.
Qu. I'le Govern that, and thou ſhalt govern me.

ACT II.

The King *and* Queen *ſat in State*, *Duke* Humphry, Cardinal, Buckingham, York, Salisbury, Warwick, *and the Ducheſs attending.*

King. FOr my own part, my Lords, I care not whether
Rules *France*, the Duke of *Somerſet*, or *York*,
All's one to me, they are both fitting Men.
York. Sir, if I ill demean'd my ſelf in *France*,
Then let me be deny'd the Regentſhip.
Som. Sir, if I be unworthy of the place,
Then give the Duke of *York* the Regentſhip.
War. Whether your Grace, my Lord, be worthy or not;
Diſpute not that, the Duke of *York* is worthier.
Car. Ambitious *Warwick!* let your betters ſpeak.
War. The Cardinal's not my betters in the Field.
Buck. My Lord, all in this Preſence are your betters.
War. In Title, not in Fortune, or in Courage.
Sal. Peace, Son!
King. Oh! peace my Lords! Do not you know
What little pleaſure I have in my Crown,
And Do you ſtrive to make me wearier of it?
You take it ill if I refuſe you Governments,

Yet you deny to let me Rule in quiet.
I wonder what you ſee in this vile World
Worth the contending for. Heaven has entruſted me
With Three Great Kingdoms, *England*, *France* and *Ireland*,
And I muſt give Account of 'em to Heaven,
And not throw up my Charge for my own eaſe,
Elſe I wou'd gladly give e'm all to buy
The holy Peace, any of you may have.
Yet you diſturb your ſelves and me for Rule,
Which I account a Pennance for my ſins.
Qu. Is this a King that ſpeaks? or ſome poor Pilgrim,
That having loſt his way, ſeates himſelf ignorantly
Down in a Throne, and does not know 'tis one.
And falls a Preaching to the gaping Multitude.
Oh! What a Prince is this to ſway three Kingdoms? } (*Aſide.*
And what a Husband's this for a young Queen?
Yo. Moſt Gratious Soveraign! our chief contention
Is to give you that eaſe which you delight in,
To lay the burden of your Government
On Men whoſe Loyalty and great Abilities
May bear e'm up, both to your eaſe and glory.
Sal. And for the Government of *France*, my Lord
Of *York*, no Man ſo fitting as your ſelf.
And pray my Lord of *Buckingham*, ſhew reaſon
Why you prefer the Duke of *Somerſet*?
Qu. Becauſe 'tis the King's Will to have it ſo.
Glou. Madam, the King is old enough himſelf
To ſpeak his Mind; theſe are no Womens matters.
Qu. If he be old enough, What needs your Grace
To be Protector of His Majeſty?
Glou. Madam, I am Protector of the Kingdom,
And at His pleaſure will reſign my Place.
Suff. Reſign it then, and leave your Inſolence;
Since you were King, (As who is King but you?)
The Common-wealth has daily run to ruine.
The Dauphin ſeiz'd our Provinces in *France*,
And you our Liberties and Honors here.
Car. The Commons you have Rack't, the Clergies Bags
Are lank and lean with your Extortions.
Som. You ſpend the Publick Treaſure moſt profuſely
On Sumptuous Buildings for your Luxury,
And coſtly Attire for your Wive's Vanity.
Elia. So! ſo! my Dreſs becomes a Crime of State;
Shortly I do believe you will Arraign
My Necklaces and Bodkins of High Treaſon;
You cannot do it by the Law of *England*,

'Cauſe they have not their Equals here to try 'em by.
Buck. We may extort the Law as oft your Husband
Has done, to puniſh beyond bounds of Law.
Qu. And not content to waſte the Publick Treaſure,
Both on his own, and his Wive's fooliſh Pride.
He has, as the Suſpition's very ſtrong,
Made Sale of Offices and Towns in *France*,
Which if 'twere prov'd, ſhou'd make him loſe his Head.
Glo. How am I baited beyond Human ſufferance?
I will go out and coole, leſt I be tempted
To act or ſpeak any thing
Unworthy of my ſelf, and of this Preſence (*Exit.*
King. My Lords, my Lords, I ſee, and grieve to ſee
Too much Ill-mindedneſs in all this Fury.
We oft by Lightning read in darkeſt Night,
And by your Paſſions I read all your Natures,
Though you at other times can keep e'm dark;
But I have Read e'm when you thought it not,
And I my ſelf ſcarce minded what I did.
I, like the muſing *Hermit* in the Deſert,
Feel the cold nipping blaſts of the rough Wind,
And hear the Howles of Wolves, and Yelpes of Foxes,
Though I regard e'm not, nor mind at all
To ſhun e'm, or to fortifie againſt e'm.
Card. I hope the King rankes not among the Wolves
One of the Shepherds of the Sacred Flock.
King. I ſhou'd be glad I had no cauſe at all.
Suff. I hope there's none of us has ſpoken any thing
But from deep ſence of Loyalty and Honor
Againſt a Traytor to the King and Kingdom.
King. I'le Judge ſo honourably of you all,
To think, you only eccho Publick Rumor;
And Ecchoes that miſcall the Paſſenger
Injure him not, but they that ſet e'm talking.
Publick Report then wrongs the Duke, not you;
For if you know him falſe, Why don't you prove it?
Then you do ill, to do no more then Talke.
Qu. Sir, ſubtle Men don't uſe to act their Wickedneſs
In Roades, in Markets, or on Steeple tops;
But cloſely hid; ſo hid, that oft the Devil
Who did employ e'm, ſcarce knows what they mean.
Elia. Come, Sir, all this is ſpoken out of envy,
Low crawling envy, envy that is chok'd
With the great Duſt the Train of my Robes make.
Whence came this beggarly Spirit into *England*?
It never can be of the Engliſh growth.

The late great Conquerors of Towns and Provinces
Fallen to envy a Lady's Cloaths? Oh! beggarly!
Some poor French Pedler brought this Spirit hither,
'Mongſt the ſmall Wares, they ſell ſo dear to us.
Qu. Oh! how ſhe taunts me! —— this is meant to me! (*Aſide.*
I will take an occaſion to affront her. (*Lets fall her Fan.*
Give me my Fan! —— What, Minion, Can you not?
She gives the Dutcheſs a Box o'th' eare.
I cry you Mercy, Madam, Was it you?
Elia. Yes, it was I, proud Daughter of a Beggar.
Strike me thy betters, many times thy betters,
Bating the Dignity the King beſtows on thee.
No mar'le thou look'ſt with envy on my Jewels;
Thy Father cou'd not give thee Gold enough
Only to Guild one of the Kings Prayer-Books.
The King was forc'd to give him two great Provinces,
That ſo it might not ſhamefully be ſaid,
The Father of the Queen of *England* ſtarves.
Qu. So! ſo!
King. Fye Madam! Fye! this is too much.
Pray Rule your ſelf, it was againſt her will.
Elia. Againſt her will? no! Sir! 'twas with her will,
And ſhortly ſhe will do as much to you.
But ſhe ſhall never ſtrike me unreveng'd —— *Exit. Elia.*
Buck. I will follow her my Lord Cardinal,
And liſten after the Duke, how he proceeds.
The Ducheſs Fury now will need no ſpurs,
She'l gallop faſt enough to her deſtruction.
Card. And let her gallop, and the Devil ſpeed her— *Ex. Buck.*

Enter Duke Humphry.

Glo. My Lords, I've walk'd away from all that paſſion,
Which your falſe ſpiteful Accuſations
Had kindled in my breaſt; and now I come
In a cold candid temper to adviſe you
To ſpare your ſelves, for me you cannot hurt.
Bring any Proofs of what you have accuſed me,
And I lye open to the Law as any Man,
At leaſt I will do ſo; for if you think
My Office fences me, I'le throw it down.
But to the matters that we have in hand,
I ſay the Duke of *York*'s the fitteſt perſon
To be your Regent Sir in *France.*
Suff. Before Election's made, let me ſhew reaſon why
The Duke of *York* is moſt unfit of any Man.

York. My

York. My Lord of *Suffolk*, I will tell you why,
Becauſe I ſcorn to be your Flatterer.
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
Such is my Lord of *Somerſets* ambition
And hate to me, that he will keep me here,
Without Diſcharge, Money, or Furniture,
Till *France* be wonn; he had rather it were loſt,
Than any one ſhou'd rule it but himſelf.
Laſt time I danc'd Attendance on his will,
Till *Paris* was beſieg'd, famiſh'd, and loſt.
War. That I can witneſs, and a blacker Treaſon
Was ne'r committed——
Suff. Peace, my Lord of *Warwick!*
Here's one ſhall ſilence you, and him you plead for.

Enter Armorer *and his Man* Peter.

York. How? Silence me?
Suff. Yes; here is a Man accuſed
Of Treaſon, that relates to you my Lord.
York. Does any one accuſe me for a Traytor?
King. What do you mean, my Lord? What Men are theſe?
Suff. An't pleaſe your Majeſty, this is the Man
That does Accuſe his Maſter of High Treaſon.
His words were theſe; That *Richard* Duke of *York*
Was the true lawful heir to the Crown of *England:*
And that your Majeſty was an Uſurper.
King. Say Man, Were theſe thy words?
Arm. An't pleaſe your Majeſty,
I never ſaid, nor thought any ſuch matter:
Heaven is my witneſs I am falſely accus'd.
Pet. By theſe ten bones, he ſpoke e'm to me one night, my Lord in the Garret, when we were ſcow'ring the Duke of *York*'s Armour.
York. Baſe Villain! I will have thee hang'd for this
Moſt Trayt'rous Speech.
I do beſeech your Majeſty,
Let him find all the rigour of the Law.
Ar. Hang me, my Lord, if ever I ſpoke theſe words;
My Accuſer is my Prentice, and I correcting him
For his Fault the other day, he Vow'd on's knees
He'd be reveng'd on me, I have good witneſs;
Therefore I beſeech your Majeſty, caſt not away
An Honeſt Man, for a Rogues Accuſation.
One that has been a Rogue, Sir, all his Life,
A moſt notorious Rogue, Sir, I beſeech you.

King.

King. Unckle, What ſhall we ſay to this in Law?
Glo. If I may Judge, Sir, let the Duke of *Somerſet*
Be Regent o'r the French, becauſe the Duke
Of *York* lies under violent ſuſpition.
And let theſe have a day appointed e'm
For ſingle Combate, 'cauſe the Armourer
Has Witneſs of his Servants Threats and Malice.
This is the Law, and this is, Sir, my Sentence.
King. Let it be ſo.
Som. I humbly thank your Majeſty.
Armo. And I accept the Combat willingly.
Pet. Alaſs! my Lord, I cannot fight! oh! pity me!
Oh Heaven have mercy on me! I ſhall never
Be able to ſtrike a blow! — oh! Lord! my heart! Why the
Devil muſt I fight? Is this my Reward for Witneſſing? I cannot fight.
Glo. Sirrah! you muſt fight, or be hang'd.
King. Away with e'm to Priſon! till the Combat.
Come, my Lord Duke, I will diſpatch you to *France.*
All go out but the Cardinal.
Card. I will not reſt till I've the Blood of *Glocester*:
He muſt be Lord Protector of the Kingdom,
And Lord it over me. He thinks he is
A better Man, 'cauſe he is a King's Son,
And I but Son of the Duke of *Lancaſter.*
He is the Son of *Henry* the Fourth,
And I of *Henry's* Father *John* of *Gaunt.*
But at my making there it ſeems did want
Some Holy Ceremonies, for want of which
I'm that the Rude Ill-manar'd Law calls Baſtard.
And 'cauſe the Law has thruſt me from Succeſſion
To the great Temporal Glories of my Father,
They wrap'd me up in a Prieſt's Robe, and lay me
Out of the World; and in the way of Heaven.
They ſhou'd have dreſt poor *Henry* in this Child's Coat,
And laid him in the Cradle of the Church,
And hum'd him faſt aſleep with Holy Stories;
His little Soul was fitter for thoſe things.
Well, I will go to Heaven; but in my way
I at the Lord Protectorſhip will bayt,
Or I will lye abroad in ſtormes of Blood.
My Coſins themſelves Legitimate may call;
Their Souls compar'd with mine are Baſtards all. *Exit.*

Enter Elianor, Humes; *the Scene a Room in the Conjurer's Houſe.*

Elia. Where are your Inſtruments?
Humes. They are both ready,
Preparing their dire Charms and Exorciſms.
Elia. Call e'm.

Enter Bullingbrook *and the* Witch.

Humes. Come in; this, Madam, is *Roger Bullingbrook*,
A Man of wonderful and dreadful Art;
He has a Key to the Infernal deep,
And let s abroad what Spirit he will, and when:
And when he will he Chains him up again.
This Woman equals him in Power and Art,
Her Name is *Jordan*.
Elia. Come, begin your Charmes.
Bull. Dare you be preſent, Madam?
Elia. Dare the Devil
Come in my preſence? for I dare meet him.
Bull. Madam, you may, for Heaven fetters him,
And gives us Mortal Creatures Power to do ſo:
I gain'd my Art by Prayer, and profound Study;
Then nothing fear.
Elia. I ne'r knew what fear was.
Bull. Go, Mother *Jordan*, get the Incenſe ready. (*The Witch goes out.*
Elia. Well ſaid, my Maſters, come, begin, begin.
Bull. Pray Patience, Madam, for we know our times.
Our time is in the Deep, and Silent Night;
The time when Cities oft are ſet on fire;
When Robberies and Murders are committed;
When Bandogs Howle, and Shreich-Owles Warn the Dying;
When Spirits Walk, and Ghoſts break up their Graves;
Then Devils come abroad to meet their Friends,
And that's the time beſt fit's our preſent Work:
But, Madam, ſit, and fear not, whom we raiſe
We will make faſt within a hallowed Verge.

Enter the Witch *with a Pan of Coales.*

Bull. Fling Incenſe in, then grovel on the Earth.
The Witch *fling's ſomething on the Coales, and then the* Conjurer *immediately falls proſtrate, makes a Circle with his Wand, then takes a Book and Reades.*

Bull.

Bull. Thou mighty Spirit, one of the chief Powers
And Potentates in the Infernal Kingdom,
Whose Empire extends wide in Night and Chaos,
Whose Provinces are Peopled thick with damn'd;
By that Authority he gives me o'r thee,
Who hurl'd thee down into these doleful Regions,
I chargee thee to obey my dread Commands,
And at my calling to appear —— Appear! ——
Asmath appear!
Bull. } *Asmath* —— Appear! —— appear! ——
Witch. }

Thunder and Lightning, a Sprit *rises.*

Spirit. I'm here! ——
Bull. I charge thee by th' eternal being,
Whose name and power thou ever trembleſt at:
To Answer that I Ask; for till thou speak
Thou shalt not stir from hence.
Spirit. Ask what thou wilt ——
But prethee do not keep me with thee long.
Bull. First of the King: What shall become of him?
Spirit. The Duke now lives, that *Henry* shall Depose;
But him out-live, and dye a violent Death.
Bull. Now say, What fate attends the Duke of *Suffolk?*
Spirit. By Water shall he meet his lateſt Breath.
Bull. What shall befall the Duke of *Somerset?*
Spirit. Let him shun Castles;
Safer shall he be on the Sandy Plains,
Then where Castles mounted stand.
H'a done, for more I hardly can endure.
Bull. Descend to darkneſs, and the Burning Lake.
Be gon! be gon! ——

The Spirit descends with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter the Dukes of York *and* Buckingham *with a Guard, and seize e'm.*

Yo. Lay hands upon these Traytors, and their Trash.
Eliz. Ha!
Yo. Madam, yes, I think we have watch'd you narrowly;
The King and Kingdom are indebted to you
For this fine piece of Work: my Lord Protector,
Who, no doubt, set you a Work, will see you rewarded.
Eliz. What mighty Mischief have I done, my Lords?
Talked with a Devil? I every day converse
With worse then Devils, with your selves, my Lords.
But I've it seems disturb'd the Peace of Hell;
What, you have Interest there? and many Friends!

Forgive me, Lords, but yet you can disturb
The King and Kingdom's Peace; Is that no Crime?
Buck. You have commited, Madam, then no crime
It seems——away with those, and Guard e'm close;
Keep e'm asunder; see that all their Trinkets
Be forth-coming——Madam, you must with us.
Guard lead out Elia. Witch *and* Conjurer.
Yo. This was an excellent Plot, well chose t' build on.
Now pray my Lord let's see the Devil's Writ.
The Duke yet lives, that *Henry* shall Depose; (*Reads.*
But him outlive, and dye a violent death.
Buck. This is just *Aio te Æacida Romanos vincere posse.*
Yo. The Devil still keeps to his old trade of Quibling.
Buck. He is the Father of all Lyers and Quiblers.
Yo. Well to the rest.
What Fate attends the Duke of *Suffolk?* (*Reads.*
By Water shall he meet his latest breath.
What shall befall the Duke of *Somerset?*
Let him shun Castles:
Safer shall he be on Sandy Plains,
Then where Castles mounted stand.
Fine stuff——The Devil I see is grown old and dull.
The King is now in Progress towards St. *Albans,*
With him the Husband of this lowly Lady.
Whether go all these Cloudy Oracles.
Asfast as Horse can carry e'm——
A sorry Breakfast for my Lord Protector.
Buck. Your Grace shall give me leave my Lord of *York*
To be the Post.
Yo. My Lord, at your own pleasure.
Within there ho!

Enter a Servant.

Intreat my Lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*
To take a short Collation at my House
This Afternoon, away: My Lord your Servant——*Ex.*

Enter the King, Queen, Protector, Cardinal, Suffolk, *as from Hawking.* *Attendants,* Somerset, Salisbury, Warwick.

Qu. Believe me, Lords, for flying at the Brook
I ne'r had better sport in all my life.
Yet by your leave the Wind was very high.
King. But what a Point, my Lord, your Falcon made?
And what a pitch she flew above the rest.

Suff. My Lord Protector's Hawks towre like their Maſter,
Above their Fellows.
Glo. 'Tis an humble Mind
That mounts, my Lord, no higher than a Bird.
Card. I thought he ſoon wou'd be above the Clouds.
Gl. Ay, my Lord Cardinal, how think you by that?
Wou'd not your Grace be glad to mount towards Heaven?
K. The Treaſury of Everlaſting Joy.
Card. Your Heaven is on Earth, your eyes and thoughts
Beat on a Crown, the Treaſure of your Heart,
Pernitious, haughty, treacherous Protector!
Who ſmooth it thus both with the King and Kingdom.
Gl. How, Cardinal!
Tantæve animis Cœleſtibus iræ! Church-Men ſo hot?
Uncle, for ſhame let your Robe hide your Malice.
Suff. No Malice, my Lord, but Zeal, that which becomes
So good a Quarrel, with ſo bad a Lord.
Gl. As who?
Suff. Why, as your Self, my Lord Protector.
Gl. My Lord of *Suffolk*, *England* knows your Inſolence.
Qu. And your Ambition, my Lord of *Gloceſter.*
K. How, Madam! You a Stirrer of Debate?
Theſe are the pleaſant Sounds that follow me
Where-e'er I go: I'm an Inchanted Iſle,
Surrounded with Eternal raging Storms,
Whoe'er approaches me, hazards a Wreck:
Theſe Winds and Waves beat on my Lord Protector,
Becauſe he is a Rock that Guards my Coaſt.
Card. Good Heaven, what Arts has the Protector us'd
To charm you, Sir, that you can ſee all Loyalty
In him who means you hurt? and none in us,
Who ſhew our Loyal Zeal to guard you from him?
Were it but one of us that ſhewed this Zeal,
It might be thought an Envy to his Greatneſs,
And a deſign to get into his Office:
But ſince we all unite our Accuſations,
We can have no deſign but Loyalty,
Since all of us cannot be Lord Protectors.
K. But all may hope, though only one can be ſo.
But come, my Lords, do not I know you all?
I mind you often, when you think I do not.
You think I'm faſt aſleep to all this World,
I wou'd be ſo, but you diſturb my reſt,
And break my ſlumbers with your furious Broils,
And make me mind you whether I will or no.
Alas, I pity you, you wrong your ſelves

Much more than me; and yet you trouble me,
Trouble my Counsels, trouble my Devotions,
Trouble my Sports; but, Sirs, I thank you for it,
For by these Tempests you stir up the Mud
That lodges in the bottom of this World,
And make all pleasures here a Puddle to me,
And make me long for the pure Joys above,
To do me good, though you design me none.
Qu. Here I am tir'd with everlasting Preaching. (*Aside.*
Card. The King and I ought to change Offices, (*Aside.*
He is more fit to be a Priest than I,
And I'm more fit to be a King than he:
Thus Crowns and Mitres are at random thrown,
And very seldom light on Heads that fit 'em.

Enter one crying a Miracle.

Gl. What means this noise?
One. A Miracle! A Miracle!
Car. What Miracle? An Usurer made charitable?
A Lawyer honest, or a Courtier faithful,
A Woman constant, or a Souldier godly?
Suff. Come to the King, and tell him, Friend, what Miracle.
One. Forsooth a Blind Man at St. *Albans* Shrine,
Within this half hour has receiv'd his sight,
A Man that ne'er saw in his life before.
Suff. That's a strange Miracle indeed, my Friend.
K. Th' Eternal Goodness, and Omnipotence,
Be prais'd, for all thy wondrous Works to Men;
He has not only given this poor man sight,
But by this miracle given light to truth.
Card. I will be hang'd, if this be not some damn'd cheat (*Aside.*
Plaid by the Fryars: I who wait at the Altar,
Know well what tricks are plaid behind the Altar,
Yet I must countenance it with a grave look,
But 'tis strange truth that stands in need of lyes.
Well, Heaven be prais'd, Sir, for this miracle; (*To the K.*
Here come the Fryars and Townsmen on Procession,
To present your Majesty with the man.

Enter Abbot, Fryars, Mayor *of* St. Albans, *and his Brethren, bearing the Man in a Chair, his Wife with him.*

Gl. Stand by, my Masters, bring him near the King,
It is his Majesties pleasure to talk with him.
K. Good Fellow, tell us all the circumstances,

That

That all of us may glorifie Heaven for thee.
Wert thou born blind?
Simp. Born blind, an't pleaſe your Grace.
Wife. I indeed was he forſooth.
Suff. What Woman's this?
Wife. His Wife, an't like your Worſhip.
Gl. If thou hadſt been his Mother, thou cou'dſt better
Have told.
Suff. What thinks your Majeſty of this? (*To the Qu.*
Qu. Some trick o' the Fryars to cheat the ſilly people: (*Aſide.*
They are all a pack o' Rogues.
Suff. Oh! damn'd Rogues all. (*Aſide.*
K. Where wert thou born?
Simp. At *Berwick*, an't pleaſe your Grace.
Suff. So far in the North, and come hither for Cure?
What, was there ne'er a Northern Saint to help thee?
No Saint in *Scotland?*
Simp. Not that I e'er heard of:
I never heard of any Saint in *Scotland*,
An't like your Worſhip.
Suff. Truly nor I neither.
Qu. There is a Saint in *Wales*, Saint *Winifrid*,
Many miles nearer *Berwick* than Saint *Albans*,
Why didſt not go to her? She's a good Saint,
And does abundance of good Offices.
Simp. She is ſo, an t pleaſe you forſooth Madam,
I've heard of her, but ſhe is ſo full of buſineſs,
Does ſo many Cures for Engliſh, Welſh, and Iriſh,
That I was loath to trouble the good Lady:
Beſides, I was afraid ſhe wou'd not be
At leiſure a great while to look to me,
And I did long to get a little ſight forſooth.
K. Poor Soul, Heaven's goodneſs has been great to thee,
Heaven has open'd a new gate of comforts to thee,
Shewed thee the richeſt brighteſt half of time,
Turn'd o'er the guilded leaves of Natures Book,
Where thou ſhalt read things thou cou'dſt ne'er imagine,
Coyn all this golden time in praiſe and prayer,
And thou ſhalt find too at this gate of ſight,
Armies of new temptations enter in,
Therefore ſtand more than ever upon thy Watch.
Card. How this tale ſinks into the King's ſoft Soul! (*Aſide.*
A Cannon cou'd not ſhoot it into mine;
Yet I muſt face this fable with my Scarlet,
To make it paſs for the Honour of the Church.
Upon ſuch Legs as theſe the poor Church halts,

Though

Though we conceive it's halting with our Robes.
Qu. Tell me, good Fellow, cam'ſt thou here by chance,
Or out of pure Devotion to this Shrine?
Simp. Indeed forſooth out of moſt pure Devotion,
Being call'd I'm confident a hundred times,
And oftner in my ſleep by good Saint *Albans*.
Suff. How didſt thou know it was Saint *Albans* call'd thee?
Simp. He ſaid he was Saint *Albans*, if it pleaſe you.
Suff. He told thee in thy ſleep ſo?
Simp. Yes, an't pleaſe you.
Suff. What ſaid Saint *Albans*?
Simp. He ſaid, *Saunder*, an't pleaſe your Worſhip,
Come, offer at my Shrine, and I will help thee:
Come, *Saunder*, come.
Wife. Indeed 'tis true forſooth,
For many a time and oft my ſelf have heard
A voice to call him ſo.
Suff. What in thy ſleep?
Wife. No forſooth, waking, as I'm now forſooth.
Suff. Friend, thou wert much in good Saint *Albans* favour.
Simp. I truly, I am much beholding to him.
Card. What, art thou lame?
Simp. Yes, Heaven help me, Sir. *Suff.* How cam'ſt thou ſo?
Simp. By a fall from a Tree.
Wife. Yes, he fell down from a high Plum-tree, Maſter.
Gl. Wert thou born blind, and yet wouldſt climb a tree?
Simp. Never but once, and then my Wife deſired me
To get ſome Damſons for her, and I cou'd not
Deny her any thing, I lov'd her dearly, ſhe's a good Wife forſooth.
Card. Alas, good Couple.
Gl. This is a Rogue, and I'll diſcover him: (*Aſide.*
Let me ſee thine eyes:——wink now; now open 'em:
In my opinion yet thou ſeeſt not well.
Simp. Yes, Maſter, clear as day, I thank St. *Albans*.
Gl. Sayſt thou me ſo? What colour is that Gown?
Simp. Red, Maſter, Red as Blood.
Gl. Why, that's well ſaid.
What colour is my Hat?
Simp. Black, Black forſooth, Coal-black as Jet forſooth.
K. Why, then thou know'ſt what colour Jet is of?
Suff. And yet he ne'er ſaw Jet in all his life.
Gl. But Gowns and Hats before this day good ſtore.
Wife. Never before this day in all his life.
Gl. VVhat's my Name, Sirrah?
Simp. Maſter, I know not.
Gl. VVhat is his Name?

Simp.

Simp. Indeed I know not, Maſter.
Glo. No?
Simp. No indeed.
Glo. Nor his?
Simp. No truly Maſter.
Glo What's thy own Name? Can'ſt thou tell that?
Simp. My Name is *Saunder Sympcox*, if it pleaſe you Maſter.
Glo. Then *Saunder Sympcox*, you are a Cheating Rogue.
If you had be n born blind, you might as well
Have known our Names, as all the Names of Colours.
Sight may diſtinguiſh Colours, but not Name 'em.
St. *Albans* here, my Lords, has done a Miracle;
What if I do one, and reſtore this Cripple
To his Legs again?
Simp. Oh! Maſter! that you cou'd.
Suff. How came St. *Albans* did not cure thy Lameneſs
As well as Blindneſs?
Simp. Nay, I know not, Maſter.
Suff. Has he not Skill in Legs as well as eyes?
Simp. Yes, ſurely, Maſter, they are all one to him.
Suff. What he forgot e'm then?
Simp. I know not, Maſter;
If it had pleas'd him to have Cur'd my Legs,
I ſhou'd ha' been moſt mightily behold to him.
Glo. I'le eaſe him of that trouble, I will Cure thee.
Simpl. Ah, Maſter, that you cou'd.
Glo. I'le do't I ſay:
Have you no Beadles Mr Mayor? and things call'd Whips?
Mayor. Here is the Beadle, pleaſe your Grace.
Glo. I ſee a Stool there, bring it hither quickly.
Now, Sirrah, if you mean to ſave your ſelf
From Whipping, leap o'r this Stool and run away.
Simp. Alaſs! Maſter, I am not able to ſtand alone;
You go about to Torture me in vain.
Glo. Well, Sirrah, I muſt have you find your Legs:
Whip him till he leap o'r that ſame Stool.
Simp. Maſter, What ſhall I do? I cannot ſtand.
Glo. Leap Sirrah! Leap!
Simp. Oh! oh! ——
Beadle *Whips him, he leaps over the Stool, and runs away, and they cry a Miracle, follow.*
King. Do'ſt thou behold thir Heaven? and bear thus long?
Glo. Bring back the Rogue, and take this Drabbe away.
Wife. Alaſs! we did it for pure need, forſooth.
Glo. Let e'm be Whipt through every Market Town,
Till they come to *Berwick*, from whence they came.

Car. Hark you, Are not you a Company of Damn'd Fools
To employ such a Silly Rogue as this? (*Softly to a* Fryer.
That has shewn all your Cheats to the whole World?
Fry. My Lord, they were known to all Wise Men before;
And such a Fool will serve to Couzen Fools:
And Fools are those that we must hope to stand by. (*Exit.*

Enter Buckingham.

King. What Tidings brings my Lord of *Buckingham*?
Buc. Such as my heart does tremble to relate:
My Lord Protector's Wife has practis'd horridly,
And dangerously against your Majesties Life ——
H'as dealt with Hellish Conjurers and Witches
To raise up wicked Spirits from under Ground
To acquaint her with your destiny, and Councel her
How she may ayd your Fate, and hasten it.
She's enquir'd too of the Infernal Oracle
The Fates of several of your Majesties Council;
We apprehended e'm all in the Fact.
Car. Ha! Is she fallen into our Trap? that's well! — (*Aside.*
And she shall soon pluck her Duke *Humphrey* after.
My Lord Protector, your good Lady finding
She governs you, thinks she can rule the Devil,
And have th'infernal Powers at her Command.
Heaven be Prais'd, *England*'s Protected well.
Your Grace is Lord Protector of the Kingdom,
Your Wife rules you, the Devil is her Protector,
And so the Devil is *England*'s Lord Protector;
I hope we shall displace his Devilship.
Glo. And put a worse Devil in if you succeed.
But these good Churchmen are the heavenly comforts
You give your Kinsman in affliction.
You may insult, for sorrow has so vanquisht me,
The basest Groom may trample on me now.
King. What horrid things are practis'd in this World?
How vile ones heap confusion on their heads?
Q. My Lord, my Lord, you see your nest is tainted;
Look that your self be faultless you had best.
Glo. Madam, I will not answer for a Woman:
For my own self, to heaven I appeal,
Who knowes how I have lov'd my King and Country.
And for my Wife, I know not how it stands,
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard.
Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honor and Vertue, I will forget her,

And baniſh her my Bed, and my Acquaintance;
And give her up to the juſt puniſhment
Which ſhe deſerves for ſo much wickedneſs,
And ſo diſhonouring my honeſt Name.
King. I will to *London* with what haſte I can,
To look into this buſineſs thoroughly,
And call theſe foul offenders to their Anſwers.
(*Ex. Om. pre.* Suff. *and the Qu.*
Qu. My dear, dear *Suffolk*, how thou every moment
Heap'ſt new delights on me? when thou didſt get for me
The *Engliſh* Crown, thou didſt not pleaſe me more,
Then now in getting me revenge on *Elianor.*
Treading on her, methinks I walk in Triumph
To a ſecond and more pleaſing Coronation.
Suff. I told you, Madam, I had ſnares for her.
You were impatient and cou'd not ſtay
Till things cou'd ripen.
Qu. Oh! thou art my Sun:
My joyes and glories ripen, grow and flouriſh
Under thy beautiful and glorious beams.
Come lets go ſee Dame *Elianor* in her ſhame,
The pleaſing'ſt ſight in the whole World, next thee.
Suff. Next ſight I'le ſhew you, ſhall be *Gloſter*'s fall;
The good fond Husband will be loth to ſtay
Behind his Wife, though ſhe goes to deſtruction.
Qu. Sure thou wert made o' purpoſe for my Love;
Had heaven bid me ask for ſome great Merit,
A Gift that might have ſhewed bounty divine,
I would have ſaid, Let *Suffolk* heaven be mine.—— (*Ex.*

ACT III.

Enter York, Salisbury, *and* Warwick.

The SCENE the Duke of *York*'s Houſe, long Scrowles lying on a Table.

York. NOw my good Lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*,
You have perus'd my Title to the Crown,
I pray deliver me both your opinions.
War. My Lord, 'tis very plain, the Right is yours;
King *Henry* claimes the Crown from *John* of *Gaunt*,

Fourth Son of *Edward* the Third; Your Grace claims it
From *Lyonell* Duke of *Clarence* the Third Son:
Till *Lyonell*'s Iſſue fails, his ſhou'd not Reign.
It failes not yet, but flouriſhes in you,
And in your Sons, fair Branches of your Stock.
My Lord of *Salisbury* kneel we together,
And in this private Room be we the firſt
That ſhall Salute our Lawful Soveraign,
With the honor of his Birth-right to the Crown.

Both. Long live our Sovereign, *Richard* King of *England.*

York. My Lords, I give you both my hearty thanks;
But I am not your King till I be Crown'd,
And my Sword ſtayn'd in the heart blood of all
The Houſe of *Lancaſter*; and that's not ſuddenly,
Nor very eaſily to be perform'd:
We muſt uſe Counſel, Secreſy, and Courage:
Do you as I do in theſe dangerous days,
Wink at the Duke of *Suffolk*'s Inſolence;
At *Beauford*'s Pride; at *Somerſet*'s Ambition;
At *Buckingham*, and all the Crew of e'm,
Till they have ſnar'd the good and wiſe Duke *Humphry*,
Whoſe Vertues are ſo many Guardian Angels
Both to the King and Kingdom; his deſtruction
Theſe ill Men ſeek, and they in ſeeking that
Shall find their own, if I can Propheſie.

Sal. My Lord, let us break off, we know your Mind.

War. There's ſomething great within my breaſt that tells me,
The Day is coming, when the Earl of *Warwick*
Shall make the Duke of *York* the King of *England.*

Yo. And I ſhall live to make the Earl of *Warwick*
The greateſt Man in *England* but the King —— *Exit.*

The SCENE the Court.

Enter King *and* Queen, *Duke of* Suffolk, *Duke of* Gloceſter, Cardinal, Elianor *a Priſoner.*

King. Madam, ſtand forth, and hear your Sentence from me:
In ſight of heaven and me your guilt is great;
A Crime, to which heavens Book adjudges Death:
Your Fellow Criminals ſhall ſuffer Death;
And 'tis notorious falſe reaſoning
You ſhou'd be ſpar'd, becauſe you are great and Noble;
The World is us'd to ſuch falſe Reaſonings,
And that's the cauſe there is ſo little Truth in it.

But

But I obſerve but few of the World's Cuſtoms,
Nor will I now be lead away in this.
Then hear my Sentence; ſince to your great Spirit
There is no pain like ſhame; I Sentence you
To bear the tort'ring ſhame of open Pennance:
And ſince to live depos'd of all your Honors
In ſome remote ſad deſolate obſcurity,
Is to you pain like burying alive,
I Sentence you to ſpend your days in Baniſhment
With Sir *John Stanley* in the Iſle of *Man.*

Elia. Welcome my Baniſhment; for I am ſure
My doleful days will not be many there.

Glo. Oh Wife! What haſt thou brought upon thy ſelf?
Did not I timely warn thee of Ambition;
And ſay, one day 'twou'd do ſome diſmal deed?
The King has paſt a righteous Sentence on thee;
And none have reaſon to complain but I,
Who innocently ſuffer in thy ſhame:
My honor ſhares in all thy ſad reproach,
And my love ſuffers in thy Baniſhment,
That I am puniſh'd equally with thee,
Though I am innocent; and yet the King
Does me no wrong at all: no *Elianor,*
I've reaſon to complain of none but thee,
Who woud'ſt not take the Counſels that I gave thee,
Out of dear Love to thee.

Elia. I ſee my folly.

Glo. Now haſt thou brought diſhonor on my age,
And ſhame and grief will ſink me to my Grave.

Qu. My Lord, my Lord, you can be ſenſible
Of your Wive's ſhame; but not of the diſhonor
The King and I both ſuffer'd by her Inſolence.
You weep, 'cauſe ſhe muſt ſuffer an hours Pennance;
But ſhe has made me ſuffer horrid Pennance
E'er ſince I was her Queen, both to my own,
And the King's ſhame and grief, that you ne'r wept for.
She muſt walk barefoot now upon the ſtones:
Time was, ſhe trod on me, I was her way;
Which I endur'd to the King's ſhame and mine:
And you for that had very ſmall regret.

Gl. Madam, if for her Crimes, her too great Crimes,
The puniſhment the King has doom'd her to
Be not enough, pray Sentence her to more:
But let her know an end of puniſhment.
But if the Scale be full enough already,

As the juſt King, who poiz'd it well, conceives;
Do not be heaping till it grows injuſtice.
Qu. My Lord, ſhe deſerves more then ſhe ſhall ſuffer;
Only for the intolerable rudeneſs
Wherewith ſhe treated me her Queen to day;
To call me to my Face a Beggars Daughter?
Suppoſe I were that miſerable Beggar,
Is it well done to tread on Poverty?
But when by Birth heaven made me a great Princeſs,
And the King's Love made me a great Queen, her Queen;
For her to treat me ſo? Was that well done?
Suff. Yes, Madam, 'twas well done for his Deſigns
Of making her your Queen, your Majeſty her ſubject:
That they had ſuch Deſigns, her preſent Crimes
Are a ſufficient proofe; and they did well
To bring you to ſubjection by degrees.
Car. All the reflection I ſhall make is this;
He who was Govern'd by ſo ill a Woman,
Is very unfit to be the Kingdoms Governor;
She was his Counſellor, the Devil hers;
Conjecture then what his Deſigns muſt be.
Glo. Lord Cardinal, I am ſure of your good Word;
I ſee what all of you thirſt for, my ruine.
I had long ſince remov'd out of your way,
If duty to my King had not detain'd me:
I was afraid to truſt him in your hands,
But I perceive my ſtay occaſions him
Perpetual trouble; and the heavenly power
Has an eſpecial eye to Sacred Kings.
To his Protection then I'le leave the King,
If the King will permit me, and retire
To bear the heavy burden of my griefs.
Qu. Pray do, my Lord, we'l take you at your word.
I ſee no reaſon, why a King of years
Shou'd be Protected like a little Child:
Reſign your Staffe, and give the King his Kingdom,
The King by heaven's help may Govern it.
King. Do, do my Lord, ſince they'l all have it ſo,
I ſhall not want a Counſel, or Protection,
For heaven is my hope, my ſtay, my guide.
And go in peace, leſs powerful, leſs great;
No leſs belov'd, by me, and all good Men.

Enter York.

Glo. Then here, moſt Sacred Sovereign, is my Staffe;
As willingly do I reſign it to you,
As e're your glorious Father made it mine.
As willingly I lay it at your feet,
As others wou'd ambitiouſly receive it.
Farewell, good King, may you, when I am dead,
Never have cauſe to ſhed one tear for me.
When is your Royal Pleaſure that my Wife
Shall do her Pennance?
King. Now, immediately.
Glo. Come, *Elianor*, let us ſupport our Sorrows;
Sorrow is natural to this Vale of Tears.
My fall will rather pleaſure to me bring,
If it ſhall cauſe no ſorrow to the King.
(*Exit* Gloceſter, Elianor *with a Guard.*
King Oh Lords, you have made me part with a good Man!
I wiſh I may never have need of him.
York. How? Has the Duke reſign'd the Government?
Qu. Yes; *Henry* now is King; and I am Queen;
And *Humphry* Duke of *Glocester* ſcarce himſelf:
Two of his ſtately Branches are lopt from him;
His Wife is Baniſh'd, and his Staffe reſign'd,
And he will ſhortly wither with the Mayme.
Yo. As I wou'd wiſh: How have theſe haughty Lords (*aſide.*
Moſt ſubtilly wrought their own deſtruction?
For now the King lies open to my Sword;
But they ſhall periſh with him for their Villanies.

A Shout: *Enter* Buckingham.

King. Now! What's the News?
Buck. May it pleaſe your Majeſty,
The Combate 'tween the *Armourer* and his *Man*,
The Appellant, and Defendant has been fought,
According as your Majeſty appointed:
Truth has prevail'd; the Guilty *Armourer*,
Worſted by his Servant, has confeſt the Treaſon.
King. Where is the Fellow?
Buc. They are both without.
Come in——

Enter

Enter Armorer *and his* Man *with a Guard.*

King. What, Fellow, did you ſpeak the words?
Arm. Yes, pleaſe your Majeſty.
King. Yet you deny'd 'em.
Ar. I was unwilling to be hang'd an't pleaſe you.
King. But not unwilling to deſtroy thy Soul,
By ſpilling of an innocent Fellows blood,
As thou haſt done, if right had not prevail'd.
Buck. Sir, it was right indeed that did prevail;
I never ſaw poor Fellow ſo afraid,
As the *Armorer's* Servant was in all my life,
And yet he beate his Maſter by his Innocence.
Arm. It was my Conſcience beate me, and not he;
If my own Conſcience had not fought againſt me,
I cou'd have beaten twenty ſuch as he.
Pet. I do not know that, for though I was afraid
E're I came to it, now I know what it is,
I do not care if I have t'other bout.
King. There's miſchief in this Buſineſs, I diſcern it; (*Aſide.*
The Common People have been tamper'd with,
To try how they will like a change of Princes;
And to make way for it, my right is queſtion'd,
And my good Lord Protector ſent away from me.
Oh! heaven, if I be uſeful to my People,
Preſerve me, for their ſakes, from wicked Men;
If I be not, extend thy Providence
To them, and let what will become of me.
——Go lead that Traytor to the Death he merits,
Thou honeſt man, whoſe truth and innocence
Heaven has reveal'd, by me ſhall be rewarded.
Exit Omnes præ. Suffolk *and the* Queen.

Qu. Now it goes excellently well indeed!
This haughty Woman tumbled in the dirt,
So far beneath my feet I cannot tread upon her.
Duke *Humphrey's* charming Rod broken in pieces;
Wherewith he kept, as in a Conjurers Circle,
The King and Kingdom both out of our reach.
Suff. Did not I promiſe you there ſhou'd be nothing
In *England*, Madam, that your Soul cou'd wiſh for
I'd not make yours?
Qu. And thou haſt kept thy Word.
Suff. I think I promis'd you, that wonderful,
That raviſhing moment, when I firſt beheld you,
When Fortune prodigally propitious to me,

With Lawrels crown'd my Sword, my Arms with Beauty.
Flung Captive in my Arms such wondrous Beauty,
That when I saw it, I cry'd out amaz'd,
Our thundring Canons sure, has tore the Heavens,
And through the Chrystal breach, an Angel's dropt.
Qu. And I, when first I saw brave *Suffolk* shining
In Armour Victory, but most of all
In his own Charms! Oh! said I to my self,
I'le wonder now no more the English Conquerors,
They are Angels all, or Angels fight for 'em.
Suff. I most unworthy to support so bright
A Heaven of Beauty, did retire to gaze,
Whilst all my Soul came crowding to my eyes,
And thrusted till it almost crackt the Windows;
Then like a laden Thief, that stole more Wealth
Than he cou'd spend in all his Life, runs back
And lock't it up secure in every Room.
Qu. In vain is this rich guilding of that hour,
Which only was the portal of our Loves.
Since we are enter'd, and possess the Palace,
How I then wonder'd, and how since I lov'd,
Let all the Gardens, Groves, and happy Rooms,
That have been aiding to our Pleasures, tell.
So full of Life and Soul our Joys have been,
We have almost scatter'd Life to all things round us.
A thousand times I've thought the wanton Pictures,
Have striven to leap out of their Golden Frames
That held 'em Captive, and come share with us.
A thousand times, methought, I've seen their Mouths
Striving to break the painted shadows Bonds,
That held 'em bound in everlasting silence,
And burst into a Laughter, and a Rapture.
Suff. I never minded Pictures, when a Substance
Of so much Beauty lay in my embraces;
Nor *Venus*'s Picture, no nor *Venus*'s self,
Cou'd have extracted a regard from me.
Qu. How often has our Love in Groves and Gardens
Fill'd every Creature near us with such Spirit,
That they have danc'd to Death as they were stung;
The Birds have chirp'd their little souls away,
The Turtles bill'd till they have no breath;
The Winds have sported wantonly around us,
Till they have swoun'd away into a Calm.
Suff. Yet all this Love and Beauty which cou'd make
The sapless trunk of a dead Tree to bud,
Can put no warmth into the frozen King.

Qu. Oh! to my Arms! He comes like depth of Winter,
With Cheeks all moist with Penitential Tears,
And Lips so cold, each kiss gives me an Ague.
Suff. Alas! How shou'd you expect them otherwise?
He comes from kissing Brazen Images,
And Bones, and Sculs of Saints, that were more cold
When they were living, than you'l be when dead.
Qu. Well, next to Love, Revenge has sweetest taste,
Let us go take some private stand, and see
Dame *Elianor* in her ridiculous Pomp
Walking the Streets, in her White Garment barefoot,
Holding a burning Torch to light her shame;
A gaping Crowd, and throng of hooting Boys
Following her Train, and the Belconies fill'd
With laughing Ladies, whom she onc'd contemn'd. (*A shout.*
Heark! they are coming, let's not loose the Pleasure. *Exit.*

The SCENE, a Street.

Enter Duke Humphry, *and his Men in Mourning Cloaks.*

Gl. Oh! What a Change is here in my condition?
Fallen from the highest Pinacle of Glory,
Down to the lowest depth of Shame and Ruine.
From being Ruler of the King and Kingdom,
To be the Scorn and Sport of common Fellows.
Oh! *Elianor!* I've wrong'd my self and thee
By doting on thee, beyond bounds of Reason.
Thy Errors did appear to me all Excellencies.
But thou poor *Nell*, hast punishment enough,
I'le not heap more on thee by my Complaints.
Alas! how will thy tender Feet endure
To kiss the rugged face of cutting Flints?
How hardly will thy noble Spirit brook
The abject People gazing on thy Face,
With scornful looks deriding thy Disgrace,
Who lately followed thy proud shining Chariot,
And did not care what dirt the Wheels flung on 'em,
Might they be blest out with a look from thee. (*A shout.*
But soft! I think she come's! and I'le prepare
My Tear-stain'd Eyes, to see her Miseries.
Serv. So, please your Grace, we'll force her from the Sheriff.
Gl. No, stir not for your lives, she shall submit
To what the King was pleas'd t' inflict upon her.

Enter

Enter the Ducheſs *in a White Sheet, a Taper burning in her Hand,* Sheriff, *and* Officers.

El. Come you, my Lord, to ſee my open ſhame?
Can you endure it? If you have no ſenſe
Of my great Sufferings, pity your ſelf,
For you in ſeeing my ſhame do Penance with me.
See how the gaping Multitude all point
And nod their Heads, and throw their Eyes on you.
Ah! my Lord! hide you from their odious looks,
And ſhut up in your Cloſet, mourn my ſhame,
And curſe mine Enemies, both mine and yours.
Gl. Be patient gentle *Nell*, forget this grief.
El. Firſt teach me to forget my ſelf and you;
For whilſt I think I am your Wife, and you
A Prince, and Lord Protector of the Kingdom,
Methinks this ſhou'd not be my Garb, and Pomp,
I ſhou'd not thus be lead along the Streets
Wrapt up in ſhame, with Papers on my Back,
And followed by a Rabble, that rejoyce
To ſee my Tears, and hear my deep-fetch'd Groans.
The pitileſs Flints gaſh deep my tender Feet,
And when I ſtart, the envious People laugh,
And bid me be adviſed how I tread.
Gl. What if they do, my Love? What matter is it?
They do but ſhew their low degenerate natures.
Wert thou condemn'd into a Wilderneſs,
Would'ſt thou expect to have the Tygers court thee,
The Lions flatter thee, wild Beaſts adore thee;
Theſe Crowds are little better, little gentler.
El. Oh! I cannot endure this heavy ſhame,
My Soul boyls under it, and my Heart breaks.
I never will behold the Sun again;
Nor face of Humane Creature! Dark obſcurity,
Where never eye of Man, nor voice of Fear
Can penetrate, ſhall cover me for ever,
Out of the ſight and memory of the World,
And bury all the World too out of mind.
Nay, if Love will not be too hard for me,
I will not let thee come into my mind.
For, oh! what deadly ſorrow will it breed,
To think I am the Duke of *Glocester*'s Wife.
And he a Prince and Governour of *England*:
Yet ſo he Rul'd, and ſuch a Prince he was,
As he ſtood by, whilſt his forlorn Ducheſs

Was made a Wonder and a Pointing-ſtock
To every idle raſcal follower.
Gl. What wou'dſt thou have me do?
El. Nay, nothing, nothing,
Be mild, and tame, and bluſh not at my ſhame.
Be ſtirr'd at nothing, 'till the Ax of Death
Fall on thy ſelf, as ſhortly ſure it will.
For *Suffolk*, he that can do all in all
With that vile Woman, who abhors us all;
And *York*, and impious *Beauford*, that falſe Prieſt,
Have all laid Snares, which thou ſhalt never ſcape.
But fear not thou, until thy Foot be ſnar'd,
Nor ever ſeek prevention of thy Enemies,
Till thou art fallen lower than I am now.
Gl. Ah! *Nell*, forbear, for now thou aim'ſt awry,
I muſt offend before I can be hurt;
And had I twenty times ſo many Enemies,
And each of e'm had twenty times their power,
Not all of e'm cou'd work me any damage
So long as I am Loyal, True, and Faultleſs:
But thou wou'd'ſt have me reſcue thee from ſhame;
I cannot do it, from theſe Officers
If I ſhou'd force thee, I can ne're redeem thee
From th' everlaſting Scandal that will follow thee.
Thy greateſt help is quiet, then ſweet *Nell*,
I pray thee fort thy heart with patience.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I ſummon your Grace to his Majeſties Parliament
Holden at *Bury*, the firſt of this next Month.
Gl. And my conſent ne're ask'd herein before?
This is cloſe dealing. Well, I will be there. (*Ex. Herald.*
El. Lo you my Lord! What think you now?
Gl. I think
My Love as thou doſt, Miſchief is deſign'd me.
But if my Innocence will not protect me,
Guilt ſhall not do it; I will keep my Loyalty
Whilſt I can keep my Life.
El. Oh! that I fear
Will not be long.
Gl. Well, Heaven's will be done.
Love, I muſt take my leave; and Maſter Sheriff,
Let not her Penance exceed the King's Commiſſion.
Sher. An't pleaſe your Grace, here my Commiſſion ſtay's:
And Sir *John Stanly* is appointed now,
To take her with him to the Iſle of *Man*.

Stanly.

Stanly. So am I given in charge, an't please your Grace.
Gl. Pray use her well, the World may smile again,
And I may live to return any Kindness
You do to her; and so dear Love farewel.
El. Oh! stay! and do not make our farewel short,
For this is the last time I e're shall see thee.
Gl. Do not say so, my Love.
El. I know it is.
Thy Enemies are powerful, and many,
And thy own Innocence will betray thee to e'm.
Gl. I hope not so, I doubt not but to scape
From all their Snares; and if I do, I'le come
And find thee out in thy poor barren Island,
There we'l be all the World to one another.
In that most desolate mournful abode
We will be happier, then e're we were
In the high stately building of our Greatness,
Whose walls were Vanity, foundations Rottenness.
Oh! I can speak no more to thee for Tears.
Once more farewel. ——*Exit.*
El. All comfort go with thee,
For none abides with me, my Joy is death,
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,
Because I wish't this World's eternity;
But now I wish the World were at an end.
Stanly, I prethy go, and take me hence,
I care not whether, for I beg no favour.
I care not what becomes of wretched me,
My Honour is for ever sunk in shame,
And my Lord lost among his Enemies;
For I am sure they'l murder him amongst e'm,
And I shall never never see him more.
Prethee conveigh me where thou art commanded.
Stan. Why, Madam, that is to the Isle of *Man*,
There to be us'd according to your State.
El. According to my State? How's that? Reproachfully?
For now my State is vilest Infamy.
Stan. Like to a Duchess, and Duke *Humphry*'s Lady,
According to that state you shall be us'd.
El. Sheriff, farewel, I wish no harm to thee,
Though thou hast been conductor of my shame.
Sher. It is my Office, Madam pardon me.
El. I, I, farewel, thy Office is discharg'd.
Come, *Stanly*, let us go.
Stan. Your Penance done;
Now, Madam, if you please, throw off your sheet.

El. My

El. My ſhame will not be thrown off with my ſheet.
No, it will hang upon my richeſt Robes.
All Sin will meet diſhonour, firſt or laſt,
I hope my Crown's to come, and my ſhame paſt. *Exit.*

ACT IV.

Enter King, Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, York, Buckingham.

King. I Admire my Lord of *Gloceſter* is not come,
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmoſt Man,
What e're occaſion keeps him from us now.
Queen. Do you not ſee his alter'd Countenance?
With what a Majeſty he bears himſelf?
How proud, how peremptory, how unlike himſelf?
We know the time when he was mild and affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his Knee,
That all the Court admir'd his great humility.
But now he frowns, and paſſes ſtifly by,
Scorning to ſhew us any regard at all.
Suff. Madam, moſt true, Has not the King obſerv'd
This carriage in him?
Qu. He will ſee no ill in him.
Come, Sir, he is a Man exceeding dangerous,
He is no inconſiderable Perſon.
Firſt, he is next the Crown, if you ſhou'd fall
He is the next that Mounts; that 'tis ill policy
To truſt him with your Royal Perſon and Councels,
Whoſe rancorous mind is now prepar'd for miſchief,
And whoſe advantage is the King's deſtruction,
Who elſe will gain by it? We ſhall be ſad looſers;
But he will compaſs all his heart can wiſh,
Your Kingdoms, and revenge upon his Enemies.
Card. The two great Idols of a proud mans heart.
Suff. Oh! his Soul ſwell's with rancour as 'twere poyſon'd,
He foams with Gall, and his Eyes flaſh with fury.
I ſaw him th'other day paſs by the King,
And Queen, as they were walking in the Garden.
He meaſur'd oft the King from Head to Foot
With a diſdainful eye, as who ſhou'd ſay,
Henry, Thou art too little for thy Throne,
Then wou'd he caſt a down-look on the King,

And preſs him with his eye to the Earth, and look on him
As if he lay under his Feet already,
Nay, under th' Earth; and then he ſtampt, and pointed
Towards *Paul's*, where his Wife lately did Penance,
As who ſhou'd ſay, Oh! *Henry*, very ſhortly
My Wife ſhall tread on thy cold Monument
With as much pride, as thou haſt made her tread
With her bare feet, yon cutting Flints with ſhame.
In ſhort, all his demeanour is of late
So raging, haughty, frantique and intolerable,
That I believe the Devil which his Wife
Conjur'd from Hell, is gotten into his Breaſt.

Card. He was a great frequenter of the Chappel,
No Man ſo conſtant, no Man ſo devout,
The loweſt bower to the Altar there,
The higheſt liſter up of eyes to Heaven,
The humbleſt kneeler on the Marble Floor.
But now, as if he had gain'd all the Heaven,
He aim'd at by devotion, the Kingdom;
His Knees no more lick up the Chappel Duſt
To blind the People's eyes, they are blind enough.
He takes no more the Chappel in his way,
He thinks he is at his journeys end, the Throne.

Qu. That's the next thing, Sir, makes him dangerous:
He has, by his Hypocriſie and Flattery,
So gull'd the credulous Commons of their hearts,
They'l venture Hanging at any time to Crown him,
And think it Martyrdom to die for him.

King. Theſe things are very bad, if they be true.

Suff. True, Sir? His Wive's crime prove e'm; what do you think,
Did inſtigate that *Bedlam* brainſick Woman
To her foul fault. but his foul ſubornation?
Or if he were not privy to her wickedneſs,
At leaſt high vaunts of his Succeſſion.
And letting fall ſome words to pleaſe her pride,
To ſhew what high deſigns he had near Birth,
Made the proud frantique Woman run immediatly
To fetch a curſed Midwife out of Hell.

King. Indeed, that was a very wicked Fact.

Suff. Oh! Sir, the Duke of *Glocester* is a Man
Unſounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Card. Sir, he appears to you to be a Man
Of great Humanity, Mildneſs, and Gentleneſs,
There's not a greater Tyrant upon Earth.
If any ſmall Offences had at any time
Tript up the heels of any of his Enemies,

And thrown e'm in his power, he tortur'd e'm
Beyond all bounds either of Law or Manhood.
He has torn their Bodies so by horrid Deaths,
As if to put affronts upon that peaceful
Christianity which forbids all Revenge,
He'd put a cheat upon the Resurrection,
And tear that Article out of our Creed.
King. Can this be true? How chance I never heard of it?
Card. Who ever durst acquaint you this before?
Suff. Who ever had your Ear but he till now?
King. The meanest poorest Subject in my Kingdom
Had it, and shall, as much as he or any Man.
Card. Ay! you like Heaven, Sir, gave access to all,
But he was that eternal Persecution,
All suffer'd that devoutly wou'd approach you.
King. If this this be true, what a vile thing is Man?
Yo. Sir, his insatiable Avarice
Makes two great Crowns sit loosely on your Head.
He squeez'd the *English* Purses till Blood followed,
Upon pretence to pay your Troops in *France*,
So almost tore this Kingdom from its Loyalty,
Then by not sending any of that Money;
He starv'd your Troops, and almost lost you *France*.
Buck. Oh! there are horrid Crimes lie hid in smooth
Duke *Humphrey*, which the time will bring to light.
King. My Lords, you seem to take great care of me
If it be real, it deserves great praise;
But shall I speak my Conscience freely to you?
No Man, I'me sure, no Monarch shou'd dissemble,
I do not, cannot think the Duke of *Glocester*
That horrid thing you represent him to me.
Card. Then what are we, Sir?
King. My Lord Cardinal,
I'le tell you what my Father said you were,
His Reason was as piercing as his Sword;
And he from depth of Knowledg, not from Prophesie,
Said, That if e're you were a Cardinal.
You'd make your Cap vye with your Prince's Crown.
As for these Lords, I wo'ld entreat of them
To think that I have Eyes as well as they.
If my Lord Duke of *Glocester* had such Sores
Break out of him as these, I shou'd ha' seen e'm
Some time or other, sure, as well as they.
If he had plaid such Proteus tricks as these,
Some time or other, sure, I shou'd have catch'd him.
But if he be the Monster they have painted him,

Then what a horrid villanous thing is Man?
Who wou'd not rather live with Wolves than Men?
For a Wolf ſhews his nature, but a Man
Appears a Lamb, when he is moſt a Wolf.
If ſo, then I muſt fly from all of you;
For now when you ſeem Lambs, you may be Tygers.
Qu. Sir, on my knees I humbly fall before you. (*Kneels.*)
And beg with Tears, do not give up your ſelf
And all of us to Death by incredulity.
I am a poor weak Woman, and a Stranger,
And of a Nation for whom your Subjects
By Nature, have an inbred ſcorn and hate,
Which great ſucceſſes, greatly have improv'd.
And, Sir, my baniſh't Enemy the Ducheſs,
Will in the Rocks of her poor barren Iſland,
Sit brooding Vengeance, and when you are dead,
The Eagles ſhe has hatcht ſhall tear my Soul out,
And who in *England* can or will protect me?
Suff. And all of us are in the ſame condition. *All kneel.*
Qu. Then if you think theſe Lords, Sir, have no Loyalty,
Nor I the conſort of your Youth no love,
Yet think we have ſome kindneſs for our ſelves,
And in your preſervation ſeek our own.
King. Riſe my dear Love; riſe all of you my Lords;
If I have injur'd you by my ſuſpitions,
I pray forgive me, you perhaps have ſeen
More in the Duke of *Glocester*, than I have.
I muſt confeſs I'me of a temper fram'd
Wakeful to holy thinks, drowzy to earthly;
I'me as unfit for Earth, as ſome for Heaven.
Yet knowing I'me the Shepherd of my Flock,
I rouſe my ſelf to attend upon my Duty,
But oft I charm my ſelf aſleep again
With the Cæleſtial Muſick of Religion,
And then a Wolf may ſteal upon my ſleep
And I not ſee him, which perhaps you may.
That, Sirs, I thank you all for your kind care.
Card. Sir, we have faithfully diſcharg'd our Conſciences.
King. You have done well, I thank you all; but pray
Give me good proofs of what you have alledged.
'Tis not enough to ſay, in ſuch a Buſh
There lies a Thief, in ſuch a Cave a Beaſt,
But you muſt ſhew him to me e're I ſhoot,
Elſe I may kill one of my ſtragling Sheep,
I'me fond of no mans Perſon but his Vertue.
Prove that the Duke and Loyalty are ſtrangers.

And he and I will be as far asunder
As Life and Death, the Grave shall be betwixt us.
Suff. Oh! Sir, we shall not want sufficient proofs.

Enter the Duke *of* Gloceſter, *they all ſtart as ſoon as he comes in.*

Card. See! ſee! the Duke is here.
King. Ha! they all ſtart
At the firſt ſight of him, I like not that.—— (*Aſide.*)
Gl. All happineſs attend my Lord the King.
Pardon, Royal Sir, that I have ſtayed ſo long.
Suff. My Lord of *Gloceſter*, you are come too ſoon,
Unleſs you were more Loyal than you are.
My Lord, I here Arreſt you of high Treaſon.
Gl. My Lord of *Suffolk*, you ſhall not ſee me bluſh,
Nor change my Countenance at this Arreſt.
King. As they to ſee him did; he twits e'm well.—— (*Aſide.*
Gl. Innocence is not very eaſily daunted.
Who can accuſe me? Wherein am I guilty?
Yo. 'Tis thought, my Lord, that you took Bribes from *France*,
And being Protector, ſtaid the Souldiers Pay,
By means whereof all *France* is almoſt loſt.
Gl. Is it but thought ſo? What are they that think ſo?
King. Ha! Is it come but to a thought already? (*Aſide.*)
Gl. I never rob'd the Souldiers of their Pay.
Nor ever had one penny Bribe from *France*.
But I have rob'd my ſelf both day and night
Of all my reſt, to ſtudy good for *England*.
The Farthing that e're I wreſted from the King,
Or hoarded up for my own private uſe,
I wiſh may canker all, I can call mine;
But I have wreſted from my own Revenues
Many a Pound, and given among the Garriſons,
Becauſe I wou'd not Tax the needy Commons,
And never ask'd for Reſtitution.
Card. It ſerves you well, my Lord, to ſay ſo much.
Gl. I ſay no more than truth, ſo help me Heaven.
Yo. In your Protectorſhip, you did invent
Strange and unheard of Tortures for Offenders,
That *England* was defam'd by Tyranny.
Gl. It is well known, Pity was all my fault;
For I ſhou'd melt at an Offenders tears,
And humble words were Ranſom oft for Faults.
I never gave condign Puniſhment,
Unleſs the Offender were a bloody Murtherer,
Or ravenous Thief, that fleec'd poor Paſſengers.

Suff. My Lord, these Faults are easie, quickly answer'd:
But mightier Crimes shall be laid to your Charge,
From which you cannot easily purge your self.
I then Arrest you in his Majestie's Name,
And here Commit you to my Lord Cardinal,
To keep you safely till your time of Trial.
King. So, they scarce know what to accuse him of (*Aside.*)
And yet Arrest him, now I find e'm out.
My Lord of *Glocester*, 'tis my special hope,
That you will clear your self from all Suspition;
My Conscience tells me you are Innocent.
Gl. Ah! Gracious Prince, these Days are dangerous:
Vertue ne're saw good Times, but one wou'd think
If ever it shou'd find e'm 'twou'd be now,
Under the Reign of such a Saintlike King.
But now the Devil rages more than ever,
'Cause from the Angel-vertues of the King,
He almost fears the downfal of his Kingdom.
Under the Reigns of wicked Kings he sleeps,
Because he knows they do his Business for him;
But now he let's out all his fiercest Fiends,
And bids them do his worst, or all is lost.
Rancour, Ambition, and foul Subornation,
Are all at work to take away my Life,
The Devil will not be content without it.
If I by Death cou'd serve my King and Country,
I'de freelier give my Life, than these Lords take it.
King. My Lord, my Lord I do believe you.
Gl. Sir, I humbly thank you for your Royal Charity,
All these Lords know what you believe, my innocence.
Sad were my case, if there were proofs as strong
Of their foul Charge, as their foul Hate and rancour.
Their very looks are witnesses against e'm.
Beauford's red sparkling eyes tell his hearts malice,
And *Suffolk*'s cloudy brow his stormy hate.
Sharp *Buckingham* unburden's with his Tongue,
The envious load that lies upon his heart.
And dogged *York* that reaches at the Moon,
Because I have pluck'd back his roaming Arm,
Endeavours to pull Vengeance on my Head,
Nay, my Queen has with the rest conspir'd,
And with her best endeavour has stirr'd up
My Gracious King to be my Enemy:
Ay, all of you have laid your Heads together,
I had notice of your Plots and Conventicles,
And all to take away my guiltless Life.

all not want falſe Witneſs to condemn me,
r ſtore of Treaſon to augment my Guilt.
Card. His railing, Sir, is moſt intolerable.
thoſe that watch to keep your Royal Perſon
om Treaſon's ſecret Knife, and Traytor's rage,
thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
nd the Offender granted ſcope of ſpeech,
will cool Men's zeal to ſerve your Majeſty.
Suff. Has he not twit our Sovereign Lady here
ith ignominious words, though ſubtilly coucht?
; if ſhe had ſuborned Villains to ſwear
lſe Allegations, to deſtroy his Life?
Qu. But I can give the looſer leave to rail.
ſhrew the Winners, for they play me falſe,
nd well ſuch Looſers may have leave to ſpeak.
Buck. He'l wreſt the ſence, and hold us here all day.
ay, my Lord Cardinal, look to your Priſoner.
Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him ſure.
Gl. Ah! thus King *Henry* throws away his Crutch
efore his Legs be firm to bear his Body.
rewel moſt gracious Sovereign, Heaven protect you,
ou ne're ſtood more in need of his Protection,
r I'me afraid if Heaven does not ſave you,
an will not; Oh! that all my fears were groundleſs.
King. Stay Uncle, let me embrace you e're I go!
wiſh, (I ſpeak it here before their faces)
wiſh my Enemies had but thy innocence.
in thy face behold, what I ne're ſaw,
r in their looks, or any of their actions,
map of Honour, Truth, and Loyalty.
Card. Oh! Sir! and do you thus——? ——
King. Nay, Sirs, permit me,
ou from my Boſom tear my beſt of Friends,
y wiſeſt Councellor, my faithful'ſt Servant,
nd the great torment forces me to ſpeak.
h! yet, good Uncle, is the hour yet to come
hat e're I found you falſe, or fear'd your Faith.
t there are louring Stars envy your ſtate.
r theſe great Lords, and *Margaret* your Queen,
o ſeek ſubverſion of your harmleſs life,
nd I your King want power to ſave you from e'm.
Gl. Ah, gracious Sovereign, ſend me quickly hence,
hat ever innocence I had before,
ne growing a great Criminal, my ſtay
oes make me guilty of your Royal Sorrows.
King. Thou need'ſt not beg to be ſent hence, thy Enemies

Will quickly ſend thee hence in ſpite of me.
Gl. Oh! what a World is this, when ſuch a King
Has little Power, becauſe he has too much Goodneſs.
Card. The Duke ſure bears about him ſome Enchantment,
Wherewith he does bewitch the King! — Away with him.
Gl. I will away; and from the World and you
Cou'd part, with greater joy than e're man left
A howling Deſert full of Savage Beaſts,
Did I not leave my Sovereign behind.
But, Oh! the joy of my eſcape is daſh'd,
When I remember I have left him there
Bewildred, and no one to be his guid,
Begirt by Wolves, and none to be his guard.
Card. What, are we Wolves? He does improve in railing.
Gl. Prove your ſelves otherwiſe, I ſhall be glad;
Let all your wickedneſs end at my death,
And I'le forgive you that with all my heart.
I will thank Heaven for my deſtiny,
If as the Roman *Curtius*, ſtop'd the Plague
By leaping down into the gaping Earth;
So I by being thrown into the Grave,
Cou'd ſtop the plague of your Ambition.
But I'me afraid I ſhall do no ſuch miracle.
Suff. This is intolerable! My Lord Cardinal,
Why do you ſtand ſo tamely, and permit him
To wound both yours, and all our Honours thus?
Card. I will endure no more, away with him.
King. Farewel, good Man.
Gl. Farewel, oh! beſt of Kings. *(Exit with a Guard.)*
King. So the inhumane Souldier from the panting
Breaſts of his trembling Mother tears an Infant,
And carries it away before her face
Upon his bloody Spear; whilſt ſhe looks on
And ſwoons, and falls, and dares not call for help.
Even ſo remorſeleſs ha' they born him hence,
Whilſt I with as unhelpleſs tears bewail
The good Man's injuries, and with dim'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good,
So mighty are his vowed Enemies;
Whom he I'me ſure ne're wrong'd, he ne're wrong'd any Man. *Exit.*
Qu. Do you ſee, my Lords, in what a caſe we are?
The King will hear nothing againſt the Duke.
The King is cold, full of fooliſh pity,
And *Gloceſter*'s ſhew beguiles his eaſie mind,
Juſt as a Snake roul'd in a flowry Bank,
Which ſhining checker'd ſlough does ſting a Child,

That

That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, Lords, were none more wiſe than I,
And I believe my ſelf not dull in this,
This *Gloceſter* ſhou'd be quickly rid of the World,
To free the King from danger, us from fear.
Card. That he ſhou'd die, is worthy Policy;
But yet we want ſome Colour for his death,
And it is meet he die by courſe of Law.
Suff. That were a worthy policy indeed,
To bring him to the Bar, and there for want
Of good ſubſtantial Arguments againſt him,
Shall openly arreign our ſelves of Malice;
And ſo inſtead of bringing him to death,
Expoſe our ſelves to all the People's fury.
True, we have Jealouſie back'd with ſtrong Reaſons,
But Reaſon cannot enter into their minds;
Mud Walls, you know, reſiſt all Battery.
And then from thoſe Mud Walls, the People's fury
Will ſalley out, and make ſlaughter on us.
Yo. I'me o' your mind, it is diſtraction
To ſail with him into his own ſafe Harbour
The People's rage, and not be well coyl'd round
With proofs, that will reſiſt ſmall ſhot at leaſt.
Qu. What ſhall we do then? Muſt we let him live?
If ſo, let's find ſome way our ſelves to die;
For I had rather periſh once for all,
Than die each hour a lingring death of fear.
Suff. No, Madam, no, the imperious Duke ſhall die,
We will not to his pride and rage expoſe
The King, the Kingdom, and our ſelves, and do
Subſtantial wrong to all, becauſe we cannot
Do againſt him a formal piece of Juſtice.
Muſt Juſtice ſtarve, becauſe we want a Lawyers
Forked diſtinctions to feed her neatly with;
And bright keen proofs to carve him up withal?
No, let us examine into her hungry Stomach
The morſel any way, no matter how.
Nor will the Duke have any injury,
It is an honeſt, and a good deceit
To deceive him who firſt intends deceit.
Qu Moſt gallant *Suffolk*, reſolutely ſpoke.
Suff. Not reſolute except ſo much were done,
For things are often ſpoke, and never meant.
To ſhew my Heart and Tongue fully agree,
Say but the word, I'le be the Executioner;
And think I do a meritorious deed.

I know the Duke means Treaſon to the King,
Why ſhou'd I ſtay for proofs of what I know?
Does any one refuſe to kill a Wolf,
Till he has ſtain'd his Chops, with Crimſon Blood?
No, 'tis enough he knows him for a Wolf,
His nature's Crime enough to deſerve death.
He then does beſt, that does diſpatch him ſooneſt.
What do you ſay Lord Cardinal? Speak your mind,
You ſee how free we are, why are you cloſe?
Is it a meritorious deed, or no?
Card. My Lords, I only ſtaid to feel your Pulſes.
That I might know the temper of your minds,
How vigorous their conſtitutions were.
Religion has a body and a ſpirit,
The body is like Water, weak and taſteleſs,
And that we fling among the Common People;
The extracted Spirit is intoxicating,
And that we drink our ſelves, and give our Friends.
And as wiſe Men do always in their pleaſures
Select Companions of their own Humour,
Thoſe that are rude and quarrelſome in Drink,
They ſhun with care; thoſe that are kind and pleaſant,
Witty and good natur'd, gladly they Conſort withal,
So we ne're drink the ſpirit of Religion,
With any Men but thoſe of our own minds,
Or Men of melting maudling piety,
Who when they are drunk with it, will kiſs our feet,
And weep, and do whatever we command e'm.
Suff. And pray, what is this Spirit? let us taſte it.
Card. This! Did ſome ask me if this deed were lawful,
I wou'd ſay no, it is a horrid Murder.
If any Man offend's againſt the Publick,
He to the Publick muſt give ſatisfaction;
That private Man that kills him is a Murderer,
And a bold Robber of the publick Right.
But now to you I ſay, cut the Duke's Throat,
'Tis lawful, neceſſary, meritorious.
And ſo 'twere in another, but perhaps
If I ſhou'd ſay ſo he wou'd not believe it,
So he might wound the Church with its own Weapons:
I'd pronounce all ſuch damn'd, ſhould kill the Duke,
But I'le pronounce you damn'd if you refuſe it,
Becauſe you are capable of theſe great myſteries.
Suff. Moſt excellent! this deed which I before
Only thought needful, now I find Religious.
Card. A moſt religious, meritorious deed.

You know the Churches Power is call'd the Keys;
The Keys are given us, not one ſingle Key,
As if there were only one Door to Heaven.
Oh! there are many entrances! There's one
Great common Gate of common Honeſty,
At that we let in common underſtandings;
Then there are private Wickets, but the Stairs
That lead up to e'm, are moſt ſteep and dangerous,
And none dare venture up but bold brave Spirits;
But theſe back Stairs lead up to Heaven's beſt Rooms.
This Murder then is one of Heaven's back Stairs.
Kill him, his Blood will oyl the Churches Keys,
That you ſhall chooſe what Room in Heaven you pleaſe.
Yo. I ne're heard any thing that pleas'd me better.
Card. My Lords, my Lords, Reaſon and Law allow
You Layicks to carry Swords for your defence,
Religion ſuffers us to carry none.
Is it becauſe Prieſts Altars and Religion
Does not deſerve defence as well as you?
Yes, but we Prieſts have always Weapons ready,
A kind of two-edge Knives, call'd Subtilties,
That are moſt keenly whetted at the Altars,
And nothing cuts ſo as one of them.
In ſhort then, kill the Duke, kill him to night,
Before he hurt the King, the Church, or you.
Suff. Here is my hand, my Lord, I'le ſee it done.
Qu. I give conſent.
Yo. I'le joyn; and now we four
Agree in it, who dares oppoſe a Cenſure?
Suff. We muſt get fitting People to aſſiſt us.
Card. I'le find you ſuch, I'le mould e'm for the purpoſe.
When we have kill'd the Duke, we will give out
He kill'd himſelf to prevent publick ſhame,
Or his heart broke becauſe he was diſcovered.
Suff. But will not thoſe be Lyes?
Card. Moſt ſacred truths.
Do not his actions bring his death upon him?
Qu. True.
Card. Then 'tis true, I hope he kills himſelf.
Suff. Right.
Card. Or ſuppoſe we report the diſcovery
Of his ſoul treacherous actions broke his heart:
I pray, is that falſe, when the diſcovery
Of his ſoul actions make us break his Neck?
Suff. No, certainly, for that will break his heart.

Card.

Card. Then every way you ſee, we ſpread no falſhoods.
My Lords, the Church has ſeveral kind of Garments,
Courſe home-ſpun Clothes for Fools, fine Robes for Wits.
Now though a Fool may be let into Heaven
With his courſe Coat on, they will ne're admit him
To Rooms of State, among the Saints of quality.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. My Lords, I am ſent Poſt to you from *Ireland.*
The Iriſh Rebels are all up in Arms,
And put the Engliſh to the Sword, ſend Succours
With all the ſpeed you can, and ſtop the rage
Betimes, or elſe the Wound may grow incurable.
Card. A Breach that craves a very ſpeedy ſtop.
What counſel give you in this weighty Buſineſs?
Suff. That ſpeedy Force be rais'd. My Lord of *York*,
Pray do you Head e'm, and go try your Fortune.
Yo. I will, my Lord, ſo pleaſe his Majeſty.
Suff. Why, our Authority is his conſent,
And what we do eſtabliſh he confirms.
Then pray, my Lord, take you this task in hand.
Yo. Content, my Lords, do you provide me Souldiers,
Whilſt I take orders for my own Affairs.
Suff. To raiſe you men, my Lord, ſhall be my buſineſs.
And now return we to the falſe Duke *Humphry.*
Card. Let us about the work immediately.
Things of great weight muſt not be carried long
For fear we ſhou'd tire under e'm; and now
The gaudy blabbing, and remorſeful day
Is crept into the boſom of the Sea,
And in the room more fitting for our purpoſe,
The ſilent pitileſs ſtern-night is riſen,
And beckens us methinks with her black hand,
To do that gallant work under her Wings,
Will make her fam'd in the Records of Time,
Who elſe will like a drop fall in the Sea
Of black Oblivion, and be loſt for ever.
Suff. Come then, I flame with fury to be at it,
That I ſhall need no Flambeau but my ſelf.
Card. We two, my Lord, will be the chief performers,
But yet we muſt have ſome truſty aſſiſtants,
And I will go and faſhion ſome immediately;
I always have ſtore of ſoft Clay prepar'd,
Which I can mould into what ſhape I pleaſe.

Suff. Madam, pleaſe you to go to your Repoſe,
And dream of Crowns and Scepters, the high Wall
That kept you from e'm, ſhall fall down to Night,
And your way open'd to the Royal Seat.
Qu. And thou ſhalt happy be when I am great. (*Aſide to him.*
To. So Lords, I thank you, you have done my buſineſs, (*Ex. S. Q. C.*
I wanted men and you will give e'm me;
I wanted *Gloceſter*'s death, you give me that too.
Now lies the King as open to deſtruction,
As a poor Ship toſt on the open Sea,
With Maſts all broken, and the Sailers mad.
I have ſeduc'd one *Cado*, a headſtrong Kentiſhman,
To take on him the name of *Mortimer*,
And make Commotion. I have ſeen in *Ireland*
That Fellow fight, till his thighs full of Darts,
Were almoſt like two ſharp-quill'd Porcupines.
Then have I ſeen him dance like a Moriſco,
Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.
In Face, and Gate, and Speech, he's like dead *Mortimer*.
Thus ſhall I try how men affect our Title.
If he be ta'ne and Rack'd, he'l ne're confeſs.
And if he thrives, I'le reap the Raſcal's harveſt.
Then pious *Henry* to a Covent gone,
And *Humphry* to his Tomb, I'le climb the Throne. (*Exit.*

Enter the Cardinal, Suffolk, *and three* Murderers.

Suff. Are you provided, my Lord Cardinal?
Card. Of three brave Fellows.
Suff. What? old hardned Villains?
Card. Of better inſtruments, of ſoft Church Tools
Which I have heated with the fire of Zeal,
And I can bow e'm any way I pleaſe.
Theſe are the honeſt men! —— Come honeſt men!
You are deſign'd to be moſt glorious men;
Glorious on Earth, and glorious in Heaven.
Suff. I will provide for e'm on Earth, my Lord,
The other place do you look after, for e'm.
Card. How? I provide for e'm in Heaven, my Lord?
They I have more ſhare in Heaven than my ſelf.
1. Mur. Oh! my good Lord!
Card. Nay, it is true, my Friends.
Suff. My Lord, you will inſtruct e'm what to do.
Card. I have inſtructed, and encourag'd e'm,
Told e'm their buſineſs, and the nature of it,
That 'tis a charity to the whole Church.

I've told e'm, ſtopping of a Heretick's Windpipe,
Is ſtopping a wide Leak ſprung in the Church,
Where ſtreams of Hereſie flow in to drown it;
Which if they will not ſtop, eſpecially
When I a Pilot in the Church command e'm,
They will not only caſt away their own
Poor ruin'd Souls, but many thouſands more.

Suff. Sure, nothing is more plain.

1. *Mur.* Nothing, my Lord.

2. *Mur.* Oh! may it pleaſe your Grace, 'tis very plain.

3. *Mur.* Pſhaw! pſhaw! 'tis not ſo plain, and I do'nt like it.
'Tis not ſo plain, I'me ſure, as I want Money. (*Aſide.*

Card. Well, I need ſay no more, I'le only give e'm
An Oath of ſecrecy; come to me preſently
About that Buſineſs.

1. *Mur.* }
2. *Mur.* } We'l attend your Grace. (*Ex.* Card. Suff.

3. *Mur.* I don't know what to think o' this damn'd buſineſs.

1. *Mur.* What ſhou'd you think! 'Tis ſtopping of a Leak.

3. *Mur.* Do not talk to me of ſtopping of a Leak!
It is a curſed Murder.

2. *Mur.* How, a Murder!
The Cardinal ſaid it is a work of charity.

3. *Mur.* It is ſo, to my ſtarving Wife and Children,
I ſhall ſtop Leaks in their poor empty Bellies,
And that's the thing that ſatisfies my Conſcience.

1. *Mur.* That's not enough, you may get Money otherwiſe.

3. *Mur.* I cannot, I take pains, and pray, and faſt,
And am ſo fearful to diſpleaſe a Saint,
That I keep every day a Holy-day,
And yet I cannot thrive.

2. *Mur.* That's very ſtrange.

3. *Mur.* I got a little Money the other day,
And went, and gave half of it to a Prieſt,
To pray for me, and give me a little counſel,
What courſe I had beſt take to get ſome Money.
He gave me a heavenly Prayer, and bid me ſay it
For thirty days together, and after that
He ſaid I ſhou'd obtain what e're I ask'd for.
I did, and at the end of thirty days,
I pray'd to Heaven to give me thirty pounds;
Then I watch'd night and day, almoſt a Week,
To ſee if any thing wou'd bring the Money;
The devil of any one brought me a farthing.

1. *Mur.* That's very ſtrange.

3. *Mur.* I went and told the Prieſt

What luck I had; he bad me go to *Canterbury*,
And pray devoutly to St. *Thomas Becket*.
I went and pray'd to St. *Thomas*, and St. *Thomas*,
But might as well have pray'd to St. *Tom Thumb*,
For any thing I got.

2. *Mur.* That's very ſtrange.

3. *Mur.* I went again, and told the Prieſt my luck,
And then he gave me a miraculous Prayer,
Said, if that wou'd not do, then nothing wou'd.
He ſaid, the other day in *Germany*,
A high dutch Lady had her Head cut off,
And yet liv'd after it, two and twenty hours.

2. *Mur.* After her Head was off?

3. *Mur.* After 'twas off.

1. *Mur.* Good-lack, is't poſſible?

3. *Mur.* She cou'd not die
Till ſhe Confeſt, and had Communicated,
And then her Head and Body agreed to die,
And in her Grave it ſeems this prayer was found.

2. *Mur.* And did you ſay it?

3. *Mur.* Ay, forty times a day,
For forty days.

1. *Mur.* And was you e're the richer?

3. *Mur.* The devil a farthing.

2. *Mur.* Oh! Good-lack! good-lack!

3. *Mur.* On this I went and told the Cardinal all.

1. *Mur.* And what ſaid he to you?

3. *Mur.* He made me kneel,
And thank St. *Thomas*, and the high dutch Lady,
For they had heard my Prayers, and ſent me to him,
To do a work wou'd gain me Heaven and Earth.

2. *Mur.* Why look you there now!

1. *Mur.* Look you, look you there now.

3. *Mur.* But that ſame work, was this ſame ſcurvy buſineſs.

2. *Mur.* A ſcurvy buſineſs? Do you call a bleſſing
Sent from St. *Thomas*, and the high dutch Lady,
A ſcurvy buſineſs?

3. *Mur.* Why ſhou'd I believe
It came from them? for both their Throats were cut;
Why ſhou'd I think that they love cutting Throats?
They cou'd not find it ſuch a pleaſant buſineſs.

1. *Mur.* They love to cut the throat of a vile Heretick.

3. *Mur.* How do I know Duke *Humphry* is a Heretick?

2. *Mur.* The Cardinal ſays he is one.

3. *Mur.* How if the Cardinal
Shou'd be miſtaken?

1. *Mur.* He will anſwer for it.
3. *Mur.* And ſo he ſhall, for I'me an honeſt Fellow,
And if to kill Duke *Humphry* be a ſin,
I'le either lay it at the Cardinal's door,
Or put it on the high dutch Lady's ſcore. —*Ex. Mur.*

Enter Cardinal *and three* Murderers.

Card. So, you have all ſworn at the holy Altars;
Now have a care, don't let your Conſciences
Fool you, to flinch with fear e're it is done,
Or to repent and tell it when 'tis done;
If ſo you are treb'ly Damn'd.
1. *Mur.* I warrant your Grace.
Card. Believe your Prieſts, and not your Conſciences,
For Prieſts are to direct your Conſciences;
Your Conſciences are ſilly, falſe, corrupt.
2 *Mur.* Oh! hang my Conſcience, Sir, I ne're regarded it.
3 *Mur.* May I be bold to ask your Grace one queſtion?
Card. Ay, prethee do.
3 *Mur.* Suppoſe a Prieſt, an't pleaſe you,
Miſtake, and I ſhou'd ſin by his command,
Will he be damn'd for me? and ſhall I eſcape?
Card. A Prieſt miſtake? Sirrah, were you ne're catechis'd,
That you are ignorant of Firſt Principles?
1 *Mur.* Why, look you now, you will be asking queſtions.
Card. The Church cannot miſtake, the Church is infallible.
3 *Mur.* Pray ſir, an't pleaſe you, how ſhall I know that?
Card. How ſhall you know it, Sirrah? The Church tells you ſo.
2 *Mur.* Prethee give over, don't ſtand asking queſtions.
3 *Mur.* How ſhall I know the Church tells true, an't pleaſe you?
Card. The Church, I ſay, Sirrah, is Infallible.
3 *Mur.* How ſhall I know the Church is ſo Infallible?
Card. Why I ſay, Sirrah, the Church tells you ſo.
3 *Mur.* But how ſhall I be certain it tells true?
1 *Mur.* What a ſtrange man is this? we muſt diſmiſs him?
Car. Be certain, this is a damn'd Rogue! —a Heretick!
Sirrah, don't you believe the Church? I'le burn you.
2 *Mur.* So, ſo, you have brought your ſelf into a fine pickle.
3 *Mur.* Oh! yes, Sir, I believe!
1 *Mur.* Oh! do you ſo.
2 *Mur.* 'Tis time you ſhou'd.
3 *Mur.* I only did make bold to ask ſome queſtions,
To know ſome things, that I was ignorant of
Card. Why there was your miſtake, you are not to know,
You are only to do what a Prieſt bids you;

Prieſts.

Prieſts only are to know, you are to know nothing
Except your duty, and the reward that follows it.
Your duty now is to deſtroy a Traytor,
Yes, and a Heretick.
3 *Mur.* I'le do't, an't pleaſe you.
1 *Mur.* Your Grace may truſt him, he is an honeſt Fellow,
Only a little troubleſome with ſcruples.
2 *Mur.* Which way, Sir, had we beſt to kill the Duke?
Card. Which way it ſhall pleaſe Heaven to inſpire you.
Stay, let me ſee! —Strangling I think were beſt.
Ay ſtrangling! ſtrangling! 'twill give leaſt ſuſpition,
And make the World believe, Grief broke his heart;
For ſo we will give out.
1 *Mur.* We'l do't an't pleaſe you.
I have a Handkerchief fit for the purpoſe.
Card. Open the door, go to him, go, go, quickly.

The Scene is drawn, the Duke of Gloceſter *ſitting and reading in his Night-Gown.*

Card. Ha! he's awake, and up; you two go hold him (*Softly to*
And get him down, whilſt the other ſtrangles him. *the Mur.*
Gl. Ha! Who is that opens the door?
2 *Mur.* The Cardinal's
Servants, an't pleaſe your Grace.
Gl. And what's your buſineſs?
1 *Mur.* The Cardinal ſaw your Light burning ſo late,
And was afraid your Grace was indiſpos'd;
And ſent to know if your Grace wanted any thing,
And gave us ſtrict command to wait upon you.
Gl. He is grown wondrous kind; I am afraid
He's ill, for this is not his natural temper.
He gueſſes right of me, I'm ill indeed;
A heavineſs like Death oppreſſes me.
I cannot get my thoughts out of a Grave:
I fear not Death it ſelf, why ſhou'd a dream
And empty ſhadow of it then oppreſs me?
Card. So, get behind him now whilſt he is muſing. (*Aſide.*
Gl. If wicked men be digging now my Grave,
And theſe cold Terrors be fore-running damps,
Oh! Heaven prepare me for it.
3 *Mur.* How he prays! (*Aſide.*
2 *Mur.* What if he does? What are a Hereticks prayers? (*Aſide.*
Gl. Let all my ſins drop from me in theſe Tears.
3 *Mur.* How penitent he is! —my Soul relents,
The Devil take this curſed want of Money. (*Aſide.*
Gl. If e're my Perſon, Greatneſs, or Authority,

Did injure any one, forgive the fault,
And in the boſome of the injur'd perſon,
Pour down a thouſand bleſſings. —Above all things
Preſerve the King from all his Enemies.
If I by Wickedneſs and Falſhood periſh,
Oh! give my bloody Enemies repentance,
And let my Death be an occaſion
Of good to them, but ruine to their wickedneſs.
3 *Mur.* Heark, how he prays for us that are his murderers! (*Aſide*
1 *Mur.* What if he does? he is a Heretick.
His Prayers are Curſes, we are the worſe for e'm. (*Aſide.*
Card. Why don't you do your work? (*Aſide.*
3 *Mur.* We will, we will. (*Aſide.*
Gl. So ſhall I do more good in Death than Life,
And by my innocent Death procure a Bleſſing
To my good King, my Country, all my Enemies.
They lay hold on the Duke and ſtrangle him.

Card. So! Is he dead yet?
2 *Mur.* Yes! he does not ſtir.

Enter the Duke of Suffolk.

Suff. Ho! What's the News?
Card. The deed is done, my Lord.
Suff. Have you diſpatch'd the thing?
1 *Mur.* We have done his buſineſs.
Suff. Thou art a gallant Rogue! there's Gold for thee.
And for you all.
Card. A Rogue, my Lord, you wrong him;
He is a Saint, and ſo are they all.
3 *Mur.* A Saint: (*Aſide.*
Devil take ſuch Saints.
I wou'd this deed were to be done again,
My Family ſhou'd ſtarve e're I wou'd do it.
Card. I hear a noiſe without.
3 *Mur.* A noiſe without!
I'me ſure I hear a curſed noiſe within me,
A bawling Conſcience.
Card. Place the Body ſome way
As may give leaſt ſuſpition, and be gone,
And come another time for your rewards.
They place the Body in a Chair, ſhut the Scene,— and Ex.

Enter

Enter the King *and* Queen, Attendants.

Qu. What brings your Majeſty abroad ſo early?
You do not uſe to finiſh your Devotion
So ſoon as this.
King. Oh! Love, I am not well,
My Uncle is always walking in my mind,
And ſhakes the melancholy Room with fear;
Methinks he tells me I have not done well,
To give him up to his too cruel Enemies,
To men who are not ſuch as they ſhou'd be.
Qu. Why, Sir, have you ſo great miſtruſt of e'm?
King. I wiſh I had no cauſe; I've ſent Commands to e'm,
To bring my Uncle to me preſently.

Enter the Cardinal.

Had you my meſſage, my Lord Cardinal?
Card. Yes, Royal Sir, the Duke of *Suffolk* inſtantly
Will bring the Duke of *Glocester*; I have lodg'd
My noble Priſoner but in the next Rooms.
King. Methinks he ſhou'd not be the man you make him.
Card. Your Majeſty has your eyes always fixt
On ſhining Heaven, that when you look below,
The World is in a miſt and dark to you.

Enter Suffolk.

King. How now? Why look'ſt thou pale? why do'ſt thou ſhake?
Where is my Uncle? What's the matter? Speak.
Suff. The Duke is dead.
Card. How! Dead?
Suff. Dead in his Chair.
Qu. Oh! Heaven forbid!
Suff. 'Tis true.
Card. Heaven's ſecret Judgments.
I fear'd ſome dreadful judgment wou'd o'retake him.

The King Swoons.

Qu. How is my Lord? Help, help, the King is dying.
Suff. Rear up his Body, fetch ſome Water quickly.
Qu. Oh! Help, help, help.
Suff. See, he revives again.
Madam, be comforted.
Qu. How does my Lord?

King.

King. Oh! heavenly God! ——*Sighs deeply.*
Suff. Take comfort, Gracious Sir.
King. Ah! Wo is me for *Gloceſter!* wretched man!
Qu. Is all your comfort ſhut up in his Tomb?
And can you find no joy in me at all?
Why do you turn away and hide your Face?
I am no loathſome Leaper, look on me.
Ah! wo is me, more wretched than he is.
Did I for this expoſe my ſelf to Winds,
And Rocks, and Seas, and twice was almoſt wrack'd,
And twice was driven back, as if the Winds
Forewarn'd me landing on this unkind Shore!
The vaulting Sea danc'd with me to and fro,
As it were loth to bring me to this Coaſt.
The Rocks cover'd in the Waves, and hid themſelves,
As ſhaming to owe kindred to an Iſland,
Whoſe cruel King wou'd thus reward my Love.
Ah! ſee if he will ſpeak to me, or look on me!
How hateful am I grown! Ah! wretched me!
Card. I ſee the King loves this dead Traytor better
Than all his living Friends! Farewel,— I'me ſorry Sir,
To ſee you hate your Friends, and love your Enemies. (*Ex:*
King. Where is my dead Friend? I'le ſee him— lead me to him.
Suff. In the next Room, Sir: Ho, open theſe doors.

The Scene is drawn, and the Duke of Gloceſter *is ſhewn dead in a Chair.*

King. Oh! thou good man! And haſt thou thus been us'd?
And is this all of thee that's left to me?
Oh! to how little, and how poor a pittance
Are all my Comforts in this life now brought!

Enter Warwick.

War. Oh! Sir, Reports are ſpread among the People,
The good Duke *Humphry* treacherouſly is murder'd,
By *Suffolk*'s and the Cardinal *Beauford*'s means.
Suff. By mine?
War. By yours.
Suff. I did expect as much.
War. The Commons, like a Hive of angry Bees,
That want their Leader, ſcatter up and down,
And care not whom they ſting in their revenge.
I have endeavour'd to allay their rage,
Until they are ſatisfied about his death.
King. Ah! my Lord he is dead, 'tis true! too true!

See here: —But how he died, God knows, not I.
I fear foul play was plaid him for his Life.
Oh Heaven! to whom Judgment alone belongs,
Forgive me if I injure any one
With falſe ſuſpitions.
War. Sir, as certainly,
As I believe that Heaven was his Maker,
I believe Treachery was his deſtroyer.
Suff. Do you know it, that ſo dreadfully you ſwear it?
War. I ſwear that I believe it.
Suff. What's your reaſon?
War. I ſee already above a thouſand proofs,
That he was baſely ſtrangled.
Suff. Strangled!
War. Strangled.
His Face is black and ſwell'd with ſettled Blood,
Which ſhews the paſſage to the Heart was ſtopt,
Whether the Blood in natural deaths deſcends,
To aid the labouring Heart in his laſt conflict;
And failing, freezes with the cold of Death,
And ne're returns, but leaves the face all pale.
His eyes ſtand gaſtly from his Head, and almoſt
Come out to meet us to complain of ſtrangling.
His gaping noſtrils are ſtretch'd out with ſtriving,
His hands are ſpread abroad, as one that graſp'd
And tugg'd for Life, but was by ſtrength o're-maſter'd.
His well proportion'd Beard, is rugged made
Like Summer's Corn, by furious tempeſt lodg'd.
See a blew Ring encompaſſes his Neck.
Oh! Murder here has danc'd her fairy round.
If the Duke was not ſtrangled, ne're was man.
Suff. Why, who ſhou'd do it, my Lord? none but my ſelf
And Cardinal *Beauford*, had him in protection.
War. Who finds the Heifer dead, and bleeding freſh,
And ſees a Butcher with his Ax ſtand by,
May eaſily ſuſpect who made the Slaughter.
Q. The Cardinal, and you, my Lord, are Murderers!
For ſhame, my Lord of *Warwick*, rule your arrogance.
War. Pray, Madam, let me with due reverence tell you,
Each word you ſpeak for him, ſlaunders your Honour.
Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, thy evil manners ſay,
Thy Mother took into her blameful Bed
Some rough untutour'd Churl, and graſted there
On *Nevil*'s noble race a rugged Clown.
War. Did not my Sovereign's preſence check my fury,
I'de make thee kneel for pardon for this ſpeech,

And say, 'twas thy own Mother that thou mean'st,
And after this low homage, I wou'd kill thee,
Thou treacherous murderer of sleeping men.
Suff. Thou shalt be waking when I shed thy blood;
If er'e I meet thee from this royal presence.
War. Away, or I will drag thee! — though I scorn thee,
I'le fight with thee, to appease Duke *Humphry*'s Ghost.
King. Forbear my Lords, for shame! stay, I command you.

A Noise, *Enter* Salisbury.

Sal. Great Sir, the Commons humbly implore by me,
The Duke of *Suffolk* may be put to death,
Or Banish'd instantly; for else they threaten,
They'l tear him hence by violence and Torture him.
Free from bold contradiction to your liking,
But out of Loyalty they drive him from you.
They say, If you desir'd to sleep, and charg'd
No one on pain of Death shou'd dare to wake you;
Yet if they saw a Serpent in your Bosom,
They with the hazard of their lives wou'd wake you,
And drive him from you whether you wou'd or no.
They say the Duke of *Suffolk* is that Serpent,
By whose envenom'd sting your Uncle perish'd;
A Prince a thousand times of *Suffolk*'s value,
From him they also fear your Majestie's Death.
Suff. They durst not send this message to their King,
My noble Lord Embassador from *Weavers.*
King. My Lord of *Salisbury*, Tell e'm from me,
I thank e'm for their Loyal care of me;
That I have been awake long e're they rouz'd me,
And seen the dangerous Serpent I have cherish'd
To my great danger, and my Friends destruction.
For oh! the slimy paths the Serpent crawl'd
To sting my Friend to Death, shine in my eyes.
Suff. Sir, will you judg me e're you know my innocence?
King. Go tell e'm, By that Heavenly Majesty,
Whose most unworthy Deputy I am,
I vow most solemnly, the English Air
Shall not receive three days infection more
From this most wicked man; for if it does
The fourth shall end his wickedness and him. *Exit Sal.*
Suff. Sir, this is hard to doom me e're I me tried.
Qu. Oh! let me plead, Sir, for this injur'd Lord.
King. Oh fye, forbear! forbear! your pleading for him
Will add but very little to your Honour,

But to my anger much; 'twill make me pass
Censure on you, and heavier Doom on him.
Had I but said it, nothing shou'd ha chang'd me;
But having sworn it, you may easier
Remove the Kingdom than stay that man in it.
Then let him hear his Sentence once again:
If after three days space he shall be found
On any Ground that I am Ruler of,
The World shall not be Ransom for his Life. *Exit.*

Qu. Oh wretched! wretched me! Oh! I cou'd turn
My Breath and Spirits all, all into Curses,
Curse all thy Enemies, and all the World.
I prethee joyn with me, and let us Curse e'm.

Suff. A Plague upon e'm! Wherefore shou'd I curse e'm?
Were Curses killing as the groans of Mandrakes.
I'de stay to curse e'm were the Palace burning,
And every word I said were half on't fire,
And I, my Curses ended, shou'd be Ashes.
For what's the difference 'tween being Ashes,
Or Water, as I soon shall be with Sorrow?

Qu. I must betake my self now to my Tears,
The last poor refuge of a wretched Woman.

Suff. Must I see this? And can I not revenge it?
Like one of the fallen Spirits banish'd Heaven.
I stand upon the shining Precipice,
And look with grief on all the Joys I'me leaving;
Then down with Terror on my desperate fall,
Then grin with rage because I cannot help my self;
And amidst all these Passions, I'me more tortur'd
In Heaven, than I shall be when fallen to Hell.

Qu. My griefs no flesh can bear, no soul can guess.
Oh! that the moment when thou took'st me Prisoner,
Thy Sword had seperated my Soul and Body,
Then had I been at ease; but now thy Banishment
Divides e'm, and I live to feel the torment.

Suff. I'le stay with you, what ever shall befal me.

Qu. What shou'd befal but Death to both of us?
The strong convulsions of my griefs have tir'd,
Wasted, and weakned so my vanquish't Spirits,
That I am fainting now into a calm.

Suff. And in this calm the current of my Sorrows,
Shall bear my drowning Spirits to thy Bosom,
And lay it there as on a Bank of Lillies,
Where I will Die as in a pleasing slumber.

Qu. This must not be, we must not stay together,
No we must part, or staying thou must Die.

I rather will endure a lingring Death
Of a long parting, than by Death to loſe thee.
Whilſt we are living we may meet again.
Suff. We may, we ſhall, the King is not Immortal,
Or if he were, his Anger is not ſo.
But both will have an end, ſo will our Sorrows.
The longeſt life has ſtill an utmoſt point:
No Creature is infinite.
Qu. Except my Love.
Suff. In hopes then once to meet again,— Farewel!
Qu. Oh! ſad heart-breaking word! —Where e're thou wandreſt
Send to me oft.
Suff. What joy ſhall I have elſe?
All Places will be deſolate, and I
Shall live no longer than I hear you live.
Qu. My Fit returns again! unhappy we!
Why are we two ſo nearly joyn'd in Love,
And yet by Fortune kept ſo wide aſunder,
Firſt by thy Marriage, and now by thy Baniſhment?
My Love was thrown as ſoon as it was Born
On cold Diſpair, hearing thou hadſt a Wife.
Hadſt thou had none, and only been a Shepherd,
And known no other wealth than a ſmall Flock,
No other Title than the charming Swain,
(For ſo wou'd every Shepherdeſs have call'd thee)
I wou'd have rather been thy humble Wife,
Than Queen to *Henry.*
Suff. If I ſhou'd ſtay here
Till I told o're the Wealth I wou'd have given,
For ſuch a happineſs, we ne're ſhou'd part.
Qu. Oh! muſt we part! Heaven made us for each other,
And then did ſet us two, of all the World,
Fartheſt aſunder; a Wife firſt did part us,
But now whole Kingdoms, and whole Worlds muſt part us.
Theſe Miſeries I might have well expected;
My Love was born under Captivity,
I was thy Priſoner, e're my heart was ſo:
Chains lay at th' entrance of the gate of Love,
And pail Diſpair forbad me entring in;
Yet ſuch ſweet Proſpects drew my heart along,
It entred in, and now is loſt for ever.
Suff. Say not for ever; Do not cruelly
Put out the eyes of our Prophetick hopes,
Which like ſo many Angel-guides, will lead
Our Souls to pleaſant Proſpects of delight,
Where we may gaze till Fate is tir'd with frowning,

And Time with holding two ſo bent to meet,
Shall looſe his hold, and let us flie together.
Till then farewel.
Qu. Take with thee my poor heart.
Suff. A Jewel lock'd into the woſull'ſt Cabinet
That ever did contain ſo great a Treaſure.
Juſt like a ſplitted Bark, ſo ſunder we.
This way ſink I to ruine.
Qu. This way I.—— *Exeunt ſeveral ways.*

The SCENE the Cardinals Apartment.

Enter the Cardinal.

Card. I'me vext! I'me more, I'me wrack'd! By what? who knows?
By a thing within me call'd a Conſcience.
A Trick,—— a Spring, that catches us, and pinches,
If we but point at an ill Action.
Why is it an ill thing to kill a man?
He is the Plague and Sickneſs of the World.
'Tis a kind honeſt thing to kill a man,
You cure the World of one Diſeaſe, you free
Thouſands from Miſchief, and you eaſe the man.
Yet if one do a man ſo great a kindneſs,
The damn'd ungrateful Rogue torments one's Conſcience.
Men are ungrateful Rogues, living or dead.
I know not what to do; I muſt have eaſe.
Ho there!

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.
Card. Call my Phyſitian.
Stay there! —— What ſhou'd I do with a Phyſitian?
No Phyſick can give me any eaſe, but Poyſon.
The gravel of the Grave is the beſt ſcowring
For ſuch fierce Hawks as I am, after feeding.
Go, now I think on't, call my Confeſſor.
Let him alone! —— What ſhou'd I do with him too?
My Soul is ſick, and it can have no eaſe,
I grow ſick.——
Unleſs it purge (forſooth) in a Prieſt's ear.
Fetch me a Glaſs of Wine, run quickly,—— run.
I tremble! —— a cold ſweat comes over me,
All the Air taſtes of an infernal damp.

The Ghoſt of Duke Humphry *appears and goes out, the* Cardinal *falls into a Swoon. Enter the Servant with Wine.*

1 *Ser.* Help, help, my Lord is fallen! my Lord is dead!
2 *Ser.* Oh! Heaven! What's the matter with my Lord?
3 *Ser.* He opens now his eyes!
4 *Ser.* He foams at the mouth.
1 *Ser.* Let's ſet him in the Chair and give him air.
3 *Ser.* I'le run for his Phyſitians. Ex.
4 *Ser.* I'le give notice
To all the Court. Ex.

Enter the three Murtherers.

Card. Stand off, and let the Duke of *Glocester* ſpeak to me.
Speak, ſpeak, I ſay! What wou'dſt thou have with me?
2 *Mur.* He names the Duke of *Glocester.*
1 *Mur.* Oh! Does he ſo?
Is his Infallibility come to that? A Pox of his Doctrines,
He has damn'd himſelf and me too.
Card. Who is the Grave-maker?
He is a Villain, he digs Graves ſo ſhallow,
The dead break Priſon, and come plague the Living.
Why this is fine, the Living cannot eat
Nor drink, nor ſleep in quiet for the Dead;
The Dead that can do none of e'm, muſt plague us.
Thou envious Ghoſt, get to thy own abode,
I know not where it is, in Heaven or Hell,
Oh! Hell! Hell! Hell! I am tormented: Oh!
1 *Mur.* Oh! gallant, brave Infallibility!

Enter the King, Salisbury, Warwick.

King. How does the Cardinal?
2 *Mur.* Sir, of a ſudden
He's fallen into a fit of Infallible Madneſs.
Card. Ha! who are theſe? Stand off, ſtand off, who are you?
Sal. This is your King.
Card. What King? The King of Terrors?
Death! is it he? If thou be'ſt Death, I'le give thee
Treaſure enough to purchaſe all this Kingdom,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
King. Ah! What a ſign it is of evil life
When Death's approach appears ſo terrible?
War. My Lord, my Lord! Do you know your King?

Car

Car. What King? what King?
War. King *Henry.*
Car. Ha! King *Henry!*
Sir, bring me to my Trial when you will,
I am prepar'd, died he not in his Bed?
Can I make men live whether they will no?
Oh! do not torture me! I will confeſs! —— Oh!
King. Poor wretch!
War. What think you, Sir? Are not theſe ſigns
Of horrid Guilt?
King. Let us not Cenſure him.
Car. Alive again, do you ſay? Ha! ſhew him me!
I'le give a Thouſand Pound to look on him.
Stand by and let me ſee him,—— there he is,
He has no Eyes, the duſt has blinded e'm,
Comb down his hair! —look! —look! it ſtands upright
Like Limetwigs, ſet to catch my flying Soul.
I prethee do not carry me along with thee,
And I'le do cruel Pennance all my life;
Hunger ſhall tear my Entrals, Whips my Fleſh,
Thorns my bare Feet; my habit ſhall be Hair-cloth,
The Rock my Bed, hard Roots my only food,
Foul Puddle all my drink; if this ſuffice not,
I'le ſell my ſelf a Slave among the Turks:
What doſt thou ſay? wilt thou conſent to this?
King. Oh! thou eternal Mercy, caſt an eye
Of pity on this Wretch! Oh! drive away from him
The hungry Fiend, that ſtrives to gripe his Soul.
Card. Ha! Wilt thou not conſent? and muſt I die?
Oh! let me live, and be a Slave, a Dog!
What muſt I die? Oh! this is very cruel!
War. See how he grins, Sir, with the pangs of Death.
Sal. Diſturb him not, let him paſs peaceably.
King. Peace to his Soul, if it be Heavens good pleaſure.
Lord Cardinal, If you have any hopes of Heaven,
Hold up your hand, and give a joyful ſignal.
Sal. He gives us none.
King. Oh! Heaven have mercy on him.
War. He gives a dreadful ſignal of his Guilt.
King. Forbear to judge him, we are ſinners all.
He's dead! —— cloſe up his eyes, —— and let us all
To ſad and devout Meditation. *Exeunt.*

The

The Scene is drawn. The Queen *weeping.——*
A Lady attending.

Qu. How am I robb'd of all my joys in Youth?
That now my doleful Years will hang on me,
Like a great Family on a poor Bankrupt.
My hope is, Deſtiny will ne're be able,
With this great weight of Miſery upon me,
To drag me to the Priſon of old Age,
Where we lie cold and dark as in the Grave,
And have as great a load of Earth upon us;
Where melancholy thoughts about us crawl,
Like Toads in Dungeons about Malefactors:
That Priſon, where through gates of Horror wrinkled
Fate feeds us with the Water of our Tears,
But enough to quench the thirſt of Sorrow,
For the old Well is then almoſt dried up.
Lady. Oh! Madam! you'l bring Age on you in Youth,
If you weep thus.
Qu. I wou'd if I cou'd, bring on me
The only joy of Age to be near Death.
But I have a long Life to travel through,
Barren and comfortleſs as any Deſert,
And I am ſpoil'd of all juſt at the entrance.

Enter another Lady.

2 *Lady.* Madam, there's a Gentleman without
Come from aboard a Veſſel, where the Duke
Of *Suffolk* lately was.——
Qu. Oh! bring him!

Enter a Gentleman.

Oh! ſaw you lately, Sir, the Duke of *Suffolk*?
Gent. Yes, Madam.
Qu. Oh! How does he?
Gent. Well, I doubt not;
He is at the end of an unhappy Journey.——
Qu. In *France* already?
Gent In a better Country.——
Madam, forgive my zeal to my dear Lord.
I had the honour to be once his Servant,
And knowing well your Majeſty did bear
A very great reſpect to his great Merit.

Came to entreat you to revenge his Blood!
Qu. His Blood!
Gent. His Blood: See Madam, this was once,
The beauteous manly Viſage of my Lord.
Shews the Duke of Suffolk's *Head.*

1 *Lady.* She faints! ſhe dies! Oh! help for Heaven's ſake.
2 *Lady.* She ſtirs; ſhe's coming to her ſelf again.
Qu. Why have you wak'd me from this pleaſing ſlumber,
In which I had forgotten my vaſt miſery?
Where is the bloody Spectacle you ſhewed me?
1 *Lady.* Away with it!
Qu. Shew it me again, I ſay.
Oh! barbarous and bloody Spectacle!
Is this the Noble Duke? Is this the man
That was the pride of Nature, *England*'s Ornament,
But now is *England*'s everlaſting ſhame.
Oh! my dear murder'd Duke! Is this the meeting
Which we at parting promiſed to each other?
Love promis'd more than Deſtiny cou'd pay.
Who did this curſed deed?
Gent. A curſed Pyrate,
Who in the Rivers Mouth clapt him aboard,
And took the Duke and all of us his Priſoners.
The Duke they knew not till they ſpy'd his George,
And then he own'd himſelf, and for his Ranſome,
Offer'd what ſums of Gold they wou'd demand;
He chanc'd to be one *Walter Whitmore*'s Prize,
Who loſt in Fight his eye.
Qu. And to revenge it,
He wou'd put out the Sun.
Gent. Yes, kill the Duke.
And he was ſtirr'd to greater inſolence,
By that damn'd Villain, which they call'd their Captain,
Who ſaid the Duke had murder'd good Duke *Humphry*,
Begger'd the King, loſt *France*, and ruined *England*.
Nay, his foul Tongue did not refuſe to ſpit
Diſhonour on your Sacred Majeſty,
And ſaid the Duke had injur'd the King's Bed.
Qu. Impudent Villain!
Gent. For all which foul Crimes,
He ſaid he wou'd revenge the King and Kingdom.
Qu. Bold bloody Villain.
Gent. The brave Duke on this,
Calling to mind his Birth was Calculated,
And it was told him he ſhou'd die by Water,

He thought at firſt the Fiend had quibbled with him,
And he ſhou'd die by one who was call'd *Water*;
But then remembring that he was at Sea,
He found the Devil had two ſtrings to his Bow,
Saw himſelf encompaſt round with Deſtiny.
Then lifting up his Eyes to Heaven he ſmil'd,
As if he in his noble thoughts derided
The ſport Fate makes with great mens Lives and Fortunes.
Then looking down with ſcorn on his baſe Enemies,
He gave a ſigh, at which he nam'd Queen *Margaret*,
And with that grace he acted every thing,
He bowed his Head, and had it ſtricken off.

Q. Oh! execrable Villains! cou'd this face
Which govern'd me, not ſtrike an awe in you?
Who were not worthy once to look up it?
And thou unfortunate gallant man!
Thy Wit, thy Valour, and thy delicate Form,
Were mighty faults, which the World cou'd not bear.
No wonder the vile envy of the baſe
Purſued thee, when the Noble cou'd not bear thee,
They curſed thee as the *Negroes* do the Sun,
Becauſe thy ſhining Glories blackned e'm.
For which, Oh *England*! thus I pray for thee!
May'ſt thou ne're breed brave Man, or if thou doſt,
Oh! let him be thy Ruine, or thou his.
May all thy Witty men be ſadly Vitious,
Let ſloth devour their Fortunes, Fools their Fame,
Lewdneſs their Souls, their Bodies Foul Diſeaſe.
May thy Wiſe Men be Factious, and head Fools,
If they be honeſt let e'm looſe their Heads.
Let thy Brave Men againſt thy ſelf be braveſt,
Be Men at foreign, Devils at Civil War.
Let all thy Pious Sons with zeal run mad,
And make Religion thy Reproach and Curſe.
May'ſt thou have all Religions to confound thee,
And none to ſave thee. —Here a bloody Altar,
Oh! cruel *England*! haſt thou made for me,
Therefore theſe bloody Prayers I make for thee.

2. *Lady.* The King is coming, Madam.

Enter

Enter the King.

King. Oh! my Lord,
I bring thee frightful News, the Kentiſhmen
Are up in Arms, headed by one *Jack Cade*,
A Fellow who proclaims himſelf Lord *Mortimer*,
Deſcended from the Duke of *Clarence* Line.
He is marching towards *London*, in the head
Of a rude rugged mercileſs crowd of Peaſants;
And all the way he proclaims me Uſurper,
And vows to Crown himſelf at *Weſtminſter*.
And in this great diſtreſs, to comfort me,
The tray'trous Duke of *York*, with a great Power,
Is marching hither too, and he proclaims
He comes but to remove the Duke of *Sommerſet*,
But moſt believe he ſecretly intends
To reap the benefit of *Cade*'s Rebellion.
That I am like a Ship beſet with danger,
Threatned with Wracking by the Kentiſh Storm,
Or to be Boarded by that Pyrate, *York*.

Qu. So! ſo my Curſe on *England* ſprings already. (*Aſide.*
Oh! this were Muſick to me, were it not
Allay'd by the ſad weeping of my Son,
Heir of theſe Noble Kingdoms; who, methinks,
Sighs in my Ear, Ah, Mother, for my ſake
Pity the helpleſs King my unfortunate Father!
He was Crown'd King when he was nine Months old;
But if you do not aid him, his Misfortune
Will never ſuffer me to be a King.
For thy ſake Princely Boy, I will aſſiſt him,
And ſomething for his own, he's a good Man,
Though a weak King; and it was my ambition
Made *Suffolk* ſtain his hands in innocent Blood.
Which Crime forgive me Heaven, and let the Duke
Of *Suffolk*'s Blood be all my Puniſhment.

Enter Sommerſet *and* Buckingham.

Buck. Oh! fly Sir, fly, the Rebels are in *Southwark*;
The Citizens through fear forſake their Houſes.
The Raſcal People all joyn with the Traytors,
Threatning to ſpoil the City, and your Court.
Som. Take comfort, Royal Sir, we'll all ſtand by you.

King.

King. Pray let as little Blood be ſhed as poſſible.
I'le ſend a holy Biſhop to entreat e'm
To ſpare their Souls and Bodies; I will promiſe e'm
To mend my Government, for I confeſs,
England may yet Curſe my unfortuate Reign.
Qu. Come, Sir, take Spirit in you; Men like Buildings
Fall to the Ground, if never Fire burn in e'm
To harden e'm; King's a Royal Building,
That ſhou'd have no ſoft Clay in it at all.
Adverſity has always reign'd upon you,
And made you ſoft; but yield not, Sir, to Rebels.
Royalty like great Beauty, muſt be chaſte,
Rogues will have all, if once they get a taſte. *Exeunt.*

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

NOw ſome fine things perhaps you think to hear,
But he who did reform this Play does ſwear
He'll not beſtow rich Trappings on a Horſe,
hat will want Breath to run a Three-days Courſe;
nd be turn'd off by Gallants of the Town,
or Citizens and their Wives to Hackney on.
ot that a Barb that's come of Shackſpears breed,
an e're want Mettle, Courage, Shape, or Speed;
ut you have Poetry ſo long rides Poſt,
hat your delight in Riding now is loſt.
nd there is Reaſon for it I muſt own,
ave Foundred all the Poets in the Town.
las, their Strength and Courage may abate,
nder the Critique's Spur, and the Fools Weight.
nd Deſtiny is playing wanton Tricks,
urning the Nation round to Politiques;
he Romiſh Beaſt has fear'd her from her Wits,
nd thrown her in her old Convulſion Fits.
he ſame ſhe had many Years ſince, 'tis ſaid,
hen Poetry was a miſerable Jade,
he Pulpit then Men fiercely did beſtride,
nd Muſqueteers that Wooden Horſe did ride.
hoſe damn'd Diſeaſes by time purg'd away,
he Nation ſtreight grew Young again and Gay.
alls aſſign'd, as Maſquerades and Plays,
ere all the Buſineſs of thoſe happy Days.
ou flock'd to Plays as if they Jubilees were,
hings to be ſeen but once in Fifty Year.
oxes i'th' Morning did with Beauty ſhine,
nd Citizens then in the Pit did Dine.
he Wife with her good Husband did prevail,
o bring the Sucking Bottle full of Ale.
hen on her Knees cold Capon-legs were ſeen,
er Husbands Capon-legs I do not mean.
hen we were pretious things, purchas'd tis known,
y Cloaths and Suppers, but theſe Days are done.
et they will come again, Times cannot hold,
But whilſt they mend, Curſe on it we grow old;
hen we may all who once were your delight,
up with Duke Humphry as you have done to Night.

FINIS.

PROLOGUE.

Religious Broyles to such a height are grown,
All the sweet sound of Poetry they drown.
Were Orpheus *here, his Lute might charm our Beasts,*
Our Mastiffs, not our Rabble, or our Priests.
Good Heaven! Sirs! are there no other ways
To damn the Pope, but damning all our Plays?
To our Religion 'tis no Praise at all,
That, if our Wit must stand, our Faith must fall.
All parties in a Play-House may agree,
The Stage is priviledg'd from Piety.
'Tis pleasant, Sirs, to see you fight and brawl
About Religion, but have none at all.
Most fiercely for the Road to Heav'n contend,
But never care to reach the Journeys end.
Though you lose Heaven, you will keep the Way,
The Pope sha'n't have you, though the Devil may.
These things such business for the Criticks find,
They're not at leasure Poetry to mind,
Well for the Poet 'tis they're so employ'd;
Else this poor Work of his wou'd be destroy'd.
For by his feeble Skill 'tis built alone,
The Divine Shakespear *did not lay one Stone.*
Besides this Tragedy a Rod will prove,
To whip us for a Fault, we too much Love,
And have for ages liv'd, call'd Civil Strife.
The English *Nation, like a* Russian *Wife,*
Is to a gentle Husband always curst,
And loves him best, who uses her the worst.
This Poet, (though perhaps in Colours faint)
Those scurvy Joys does in all Postures Paint
Fools take in pelting out each others Brains:
A joy, for which this Nation oft takes pains.
If any like the Ills he shews to day,
Let them be damn'd and let them damn the Play.

The Persons Represented in the Tragedy.

KIng *Henry* the Sixth,	By Mr. *Joseph Williams.*
Prince *Edward*, King *Henry*'s Son.	
Richard Plantagenet, Duke of *York*,	By Mr. *David Williams.*
Edward, eldest Son of *Richard Plantagenet*, and after his Fathers death King of *England*,	By Mr. *Smith.*
George, Duke of *Clarence*, second Son of the Duke of *York*,	By Mr. *Bowman.*
Richard, the third Son, called Crook-back,	By Mr. *Gillow.*
Rutland a Child, the youngest Son.	
The Great Earl of *Warwick*,	By Mr. Batterton.
Old Lord *Clifford*,	By Mr. *Pearcival.*
Young *Clifford*, his Son,	By Mr. *Wiltshire.*
Queen *Margaret*, Wife of King *Henry*,	Mrs. *Leigh.*
Lady *Grey*, the Widow of Sir *John Grey*, belov'd and at length married by King *Edward* the fourth,	By Mrs. *Batterton.*
Lady *Elianor Butler*, a young Lady of great quality, that was one of King *Edward*'s Mistresses,	By Mrs. *Currer.*

SCENE, *ENGLAND.*

THE MISERIES OF Civil-War.

ACT. I. SCENE. I.

A Noise of Fighting; a Shout for Victory.

Enter Cade *and his Rabble.*

Cade. FLing all my dead Subjects into the *Thames*.
Now say, what place is this?
Butch. 'Tis *London-Stone*.
Cade. Then am I *Mortimer*, Lord of this City;
And here, I, sitting upon *London-Stone*,
Declare, this is the first day of our Reign.
So I command the Conduits all Pisse Claret:
And I proclaim it Treason now for any man
To call me other than Lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a Souldier running.

Sould. *Jack Cade, Jack! Jack!*
Cade. Knock down that sawcy Fellow. [*A Butcher kill's him.*
Butch. If he has wit, he'll never call thy Honour *Jack Cade* again.

Cade. I think he has fair warning.

Enter a Cobler, with a Scrivener.

Cob. My Lord! my Lord!
Cade. Well said, a mannerly Fellow.
Cob. I have catch'd a Scrivener here, setting Boyes Copies.
Cade. Oh! there's a Villain! a corrupter of Youth.
Cob. He has a Book in's pocket with red Letters in't.
Cade. Then he's a Conjurer.
Cob. He can write Bills, and Bonds, and Obligations, to bind People to undo themselves, and pay Money, whether they Can or no; such a Rogue is enough to undo a Nation.
Cade. I'm sorry for it, for on my honour he's a proper fellow: He shall not dye unless I find him Guilty.
Cob. He shall die, Guilty or not Guilty; I brought him to be Hang'd, and I will not lose my labour. I love hanging, there's Never any hanging, but I leave my Stall to go see it. Hanging-day is my holy-day, and I will keep Coblers holy-day.
Cade. We'll hang him, but we'll examine him first.
Cob. No hang him first, for now no man will confess, Till after he's hang'd.
Cade. I will examine him.——Sirrah! what's thy Name!
Scriv. Emanuel.
Cob. Emanuel! That's a strange Name, Friend 'twill go very hard with you.
Cade. Let me alone! Friend, dost thou write thy Name, Or use a mark like a plain honest man?
Scriv. Sir. I thank Heaven, I have been so well bred, That I can write my name.
All. He has confest, He's a stranger, and a Villain, hang him.
Cade. Hang him with his Pen and Ink about his Neck.

Enter others with the Lord Say *Prisoner.*

My Lord, my Lord, a prize an't like thy Honour.
Here's the Lord *Say*, who sold the Townes in *France*,
And made us pay one and twenty Fifteens
And a shilling to the pound, last Subsidy.
Cade. I will behead him one and twenty times.
Come scurvy Lord, what canst thou say
To our Mightiness, for giving up our Towns
To Monsieur *Basimecu*, the Dolphin of *France*?
Be it known unto thee, Traytor, by these presents,

Even by the preſence of my ſelf, Lord *Mortimer*,
That I will ſweep the world clean of ſuch filth.
Thou Trayterouſly haſt built a Grammar-School,
To debauch all the youth, and whereas formerly
Our Grandſiers us'd no Book, but Score and Tally,
Thou haſt caus'd wicked Printing to be us'd,
And contrary to the King, his Crown and Dignity,
Haſt built a Paper-Mill. It will be prov'd,
That thou haſt Servants talk of Nouns and Verbs,
And ſuch vile Words no Chriſtian er'e can here.
Thou haſt appointed Juſtices of Peace,
To call poor men before 'em, about matters
They cou'd not anſwer; yes, and thou haſt hang'd 'em,
Becauſe they cou'd not read.

Cob. There was a Villain!

Cade. Thou rid'ſt upon a foot-cloth, doſt thou not?

Say. Well what of that?

Cade. Why is it not a ſhame
Thy Horſe ſhou'd weare a Cloak, when honeſt men
Go in their Hoſe and Doublets?

Say. Well, I find
You men of *Kent* ——

All. What of us men of *Kent*?

Say. That *Kent* is, *bona terra mala gens.*

Cade. Bold Traytor, he ſpeaks Latin in my preſence.
Go hang him, hang him.

Say. Hear me, Country-men.

Cade. Hear Latin! Villain? hang him.

All. Hang him, hang him.—— [*They drag him away.*

Butch. We'll hang up every man that can ſpeak Latin.

Cade. Well counſel'd *Butcher*, counſel'd like a *Butcher*.
We will, and more, for they are but few.

Tay. We'll hang up any man that can ſpeak *French*.
For I'm a *Taylour*, and there is no man
That can ſpeak *French* will let me work a ſtitch for 'em.

Cob. We'll hang up all the Lords and Gentlemen.
Spare none but ſuch as go in clouted ſhoes;
For I'm a Cobler, and live by thoſe.

Tayl. But by your favour, Sir, I am a *Taylor*
And, Sir, I live by Lords and Gentlemen;
I only wou'd hang thoſe that owe me money,
And will not pay me.

Cade. Why, thou ſtiching Coxcomb!
We will be Lords and Gentlemen our ſelves.

Tayl. Oh! that's another thing.

Cade. Another thing!
What do we fight for elſe, you ſilly Raſcal?
Cob. 'Tis true, my Lord, we ought to be Great-men,
For it is ſaid, Labour in thy Vocation:
That is, let Magiſtrates be labouring-men,
Therefore we lab'ring men ought to be Magiſtrates;
And I will be Lord Cobler, and a Counſellor.
Carp. I'le be Lord *Carpenter*, for 'tis a ſhame
That none of the Kings Council are good Workmen.
Cob. The Lords, forſooth ſcorn to wear leather Aprons.
Cade. We'll make 'em glad to go in leather Aprons.
Butch. We'll ſtick 'em all, and we'll be Lords our ſelves.
Tayl. I'll be contented to be but a Knight.
Cob. Shall we not ſpare the Lords that are our friends,
Such as thy Couſin *Plantagenet*, and others?
Cade. No Lord is our Friend, you Fool, they meerly chouſe us.
Butch. How! meerly chouſe us?
Cade. I ſay meerly chouſe us.
All the fine words and money that they give us
'ſ nothing elſe but buying of Calves-heads.
Butch. My Cleaver then ſhall chouſe 'em of their Brains.
Cade. When they have done with us, they'l turn us off.
Butch. Here are brave Knaves.
Tayl. His Honour underſtands 'em.
Cob. I Gad, my Lord's a deviliſh parlous Fellow.
Prethee, my Lord, what ail's theſe plaguy Lords
To keep this coyl, when they have a power o' money,
Brave Lands, and gallant Wenches to their Wives?
Cade. I'll tell thee *Tom* the Cobler, here's my ſhoe;
Doſt thou believe my ſhoe, if it had wit,
Wou'd carry me up and down all day i'th dirt;
Or doſt thou think my Breeches wou'd be ſat on,
Or Doublet cloath my Back, and by that means
Be often cudgell'd, if they had any wit;
No, if they had any wit, they would be Caps.
Cob. True, but thy worſhip's Cap is ſometimes cudgell'd:
I have known thy Honour have a broken pate.
Cade. Ay but pride feels no hurt; ſo ſome great Lords
Are trodden under foot like dirty ſhoes,
Some hang like Doublets on the Nations back,
And ſome like Breeches only on the tayl.
But by their good wills they would all be Caps,
And ſo wou'd you my friends if you be wiſe.
Cob. We'll all be Caps.
All. All Caps, all Caps, all Caps.

Cade.

Cade If you'll be Caps, hang all Lords and Gentlemen,
And all rich Citizens.
Butch. How, all rich Citizens?
Prithee my Lord, they are my particular Friends,
They buy more Meat, than all the Lords in *England.*
And then they promiſe they'll do great things for us,
If we will help 'em to redreſs their Grievances.
Cad. Butcher, thoſe promiſes are but a meer cheat,
Theſe men puff thee, juſt as thou blowſt thy Veal,
Only to make thee ſwell for their own ends.
Butch. Are they ſuch Knaves?
Cade. Oh they are notorious Knaves,
They cheat the Town, their Wives, themſelves, and us.
They ſit up nightly a Plotting, and Caballing,
So cheat their Wives of due benevolence,
They leave their Shops a-days, for State-Affairs,
So cheat themſelves of money they might get,
And cheat the Town of Trade that it might have,
And laſt they mean to cheat us of our Necks,
Put us on Plots for them, then have us hang'd.
Now my good ſubjects we are bound in Conſcience,
To take their Wives and give 'em due Benevolence,
To take their Shops, and give the Town it's due,
To hang the men, and give the Rope it's due,
And ſo we ſhall be very honeſt fellows.
All. Ay, Ay, we ſhall be very honeſt fellows.
Cob. In ſhort we'll ha' no Trades but Eating, and
Drinking. We'll have ſeven half-penny Loaves
For a Farthing, and a Pint-pot ſhall hold a
Gallon; and ſo let us about our hanging work.
Cade. Go, Subjects, go, but pray remember one thing,
To hang the Lawyers when your hand is in.
Cob. I warrant thee, my Lord, we'll hang the Lawyers:
But now I think on't they wear out
Abundance of Shoo-leather in going to *Weſt-Minſter*-Hall, and employ Coblers much.
Beſides they help to undo Lords, and Gentlemen.
But now I think on't we can undo 'em
Faſt enough our ſelves, by burning their Houſes,
And taking their Lands. The Lawyers
Have a ſure way of undoing 'em, but it's more tedious,
Ours is moſt quick, and as ſure;
So we ſhall have no uſe o' the Lawyers,
And ſo lets hang 'em.
And for that reaſon too

Let's

Let's hang the Doctors and Pothecaries.
For though they do kill Gentry pretty well,
Yet we have a better, quicker way;
By knocking 'em o' the head.

Cade. Subjects, hang the Doctors and Pothecaries, but
Hang the Lawyers first, for fear they
Hang you—— for when you have had
A thousand broken heads, and settled all things,
As right as you wou'd wish, a Roguy Lawyer
Will ruine all again with a meer quirk.

Cob. A quirk! what's a quirk?

Cade. ——A quirk——— why 'tis a quirk——

Cob. Well, but what is a quirk?

Butch. What's matter what a quirk is? I know
What my Lord means by quirk.

Cob. Do you so, Sir: Then you are a Scholar are
You? Sir, as little learning as this has made
Many a man a Priest, you deserve to have
Your brains beaten out.

Butch. My brains?

Cade. Hold Cobler and Butcher! Civil VVars
Among our selves.

Cob. I hate Scholars, I will have no man live
Among us that knows more than I.
But I wou'd know what a quirk is.

Cade. Dost know what an Awl is?

Cob. I think I do.

Cade. Then as thou boreſt holes in shoes with
Thy Awl to mend 'em, Lawyers with quirks bore
Holes in Estates to mar 'em.

Cob. Oh! Oh!

Cade. For this, and other reasons hang the Lawyers.
They strive to make the Subjects break the Law,
And then they make the Law break all the Subjects,
And cunningly they make such rotten Laws,
That men must break 'em all spite of their Teeth,
We send (you know) sometimes men to make Laws,
And there these men sit hatching Laws and Laws,
And as they think hatch sound and wholesome Laws:
A plaguy Lawyer gets his finger in,
And put's such scurvy quirks into the Law,
That when 'tis hatch'd, I Gad the rotten Law
Fall's all to pieces like a pocky Child.

Butch.

Butch. There are pure Knaves for you, since they
Are for quirks,
We'll go and put such quirks in the Inns of Court
Shall tumble them all down about their ears.
Cade. Do, honest subjects, do.
Cob. We will, my Lord.
And prithee let thy mouth be all the Law.
Cade. Cobler well said, my mouth shall be the Law,
For all the Law of *England* is but mouth;
When you are at law, it is not the best cause,
But the best mouth that always carries it.
Cob. Prithee let thy mouth be *Westminster-Hall*,
And my mouth shall be *Paul*'s:
For we ha' no use o' Churches, nor Steeples,
Nor Priests, the chief use o' Priests is to eat
Pig, we can eat Pig as well as they.
Cade. We have no use o' the Inns of Court, or Tower,
Pluck down the Tower, and burn all the Records,
Why shou'd we keep
Mouldy Records of what our Grandsiers did?
For we do what we will for all our Grandsiers
On *London* bridge hang Traytours heads, and quarters.
These are Records too, but who minds Records?
Burn all Records —— Records?
All. Burn all Records.
Cade. Who sounds a parley there?

Enter a Souldier.

Soul. One from the King.
Cade. Well let him come, I don't care if I speak with him.

Enter Old Lord Clifford.

Well what's thy business with me?
Old Cl. Thou vile Rebel,
VVhy dost thou thus disturb the King, and Kingdome?
Cade. Thou Fool, to have my own, I'm heir to the Crown.
Old Cl. Impudent Slave, thy Father was a Plaisterer.
Cob. Yes, and his Mother was a Midwife, what's that?
Cade. VVell, *Adam* was a Gardiner, what's that?
Say, did not *Edmund Mortimer*, Earl of *March*

Marry

Marry the Daughter o' the Duke of *Clarence*?
Old Cl. He did, Sir Clown, and what is that to you?
Cade. By her he had two Children at a Birth;
The Elder of 'em being put to Nurſe,
Was ſtole away by a ſtinking Beggar-woman,
(Like a damn'd curſed jade) and by that means
The Princely Infant was bred up a Brick-layer,
And I'm the Princely Off-ſpring of that Infant.
Old Cl. Plantagenet invented this fine ſtory.
Cade. You lye, for I invented it my ſelf.
Old Cl. I am ſent by the King to offer pardon
To all that will forſake thee, and go home.
VVhat ſay you Countrymen, will you be happy
And leave this Rogue, or follow him and be hang'd?
All. I don't know what to think on't? [*All mutter.*
Cade. Are you muttering?
VVhy, you damn'd fools, will you believe a Lord?
Do they not often run into your Debts,
And promiſe payment, and ne're keep their words?
Do they not often with fine promiſes
Delude your Daughters, and when they have enjoyed them,
Do they e're keep their words? Then follow me.
All. A *Cade*, a *Cade*! we'll follow thee, *Jack Cade.*
Old Cl. You'll follow *Cade*? pray whither, to the Gallows?
He has no other home to lead you to.
He knows not how to live but by the ſpoil;
But ſay that whilſt you robb and kill your Country-men,
The fearful *French* whom you but lately vanquiſht,
Shou'd make a ſtart o're Seas and vanquiſh you;
Had you not better go and ſpoil the *French*,
And the King pay you too for your good ſervice,
Than here Rebel, and the King hang you all
For Rogues, or worſe, the *French* come make you ſlaves?
All. I don't know what to think on't— [*All mutter.*
Cade. Again muttering?
VVho'll ever truſt ſuch curſed whifling Raſcals?

Enter young Clifford *and Followers.*

Yo. Cl. What are you doing, my Lord? treating with Raſcals?
It were too vile an Office for a Scavenger,
To ſweep ſuch dirt into the Common ſhore?
And are you treating with 'em? Nay, and treating
In the Kings name too? very fine indeed,
The King muſt barter for his Crown with Raſcals,

VVhat-

What ever price the Villains make him pay,
Though his Crown shou'd be dear, himself is cheap,
I with no Tongue but this will talk to Rebels.

[*Draws, all fight on the Stage. Ex.*

The Scene a Tent. Enter King Henry.

Hen. Never had King less joy in Throne than I,
Nor more misfortune. Heaven was pleas'd to set
My Cradle on the top of humane Glory,
Where I lay helpless, open to all Storms.
My Childish hand, not able to support
My Fathers Sword, dropt the victorious point,
And let fall all the Lawrels that adorn'd it,
And *French* and *English* fell a scrambling for 'em,
So lost I *France*; now am I threatned too
By wicked Rebels, with the loss of *England*.
Cade and his Rebels drive me from my City,
Plantagenet seek's to drive me from my Kingdom.

Enter the Queen, and her Train.

Qu. Take comfort, Sir, I bring you happy tidings.
The Villain *Cade* is kill'd by brave young *Clifford*.
Hen. Kill'd!
Qu. Kill'd, and all the Rebels beg your mercy.
Hen. Oh! Heav'n accept my vows of thanks and praise.
But ha! here comes his gallant Father weeping.

Enter Old Clifford.

Ol. Cl. Yes Sir, I weep, but I weep tears of Joy,
For I am crush'd between two mighty Joyes;
Your Royal safety, and my Sons success.
But here he is, to tell you his own story.

Enter Young Clifford.

Yo. Cl. Sir, I most humbly here present your Majesty
The Head of the notorious Rebel *Cade*.
Hen. Oh! Gallant *Clifford*, how shall I reward thee?
Yo. Cl. I fought not for rewards, or if I did,
I ought to end my work, e're I be paid,
I have only now pull'd down a paltry Scaffold,
On which *Plantagenet* design'd to climbe,
To build his Trayt'rous Projects.

Hen. True indeed,
He is approaching me with a great Army;
But he gives out he only does intend
To drive away from me some wicked Ministers.
Yo. Cl. The constant vizard of Rebellion.
Rebellion is so foul and grim a Monster,
That those that mount the horrid Beast, are forc'd
To cover it all o're with gaudy Trappings.
They mark it in the Forehead with white Starrs,
Pretences Heavenly, and Innocent.
Qu. Sir, he has told you a most excellent truth.
Hen. I must confess I like not to have Subjects
Present their Kings Petitions upon Pikes.
Old Cl. Sir, let the Rebels come, we are prepar'd.

Enter an Officer.

Offi. A Trumpet from *Plantagenet* craves audience.
Hen. Admit him.

Enter the Trumpet.

Trum. Royal Sir, the Duke my master
Does beg admission to your Kingly presence,
To give you the true Reason of his arming,
And prove his Loyalty.
Qu. Just as we thought.
Hen. Go tell my Cousin, since he speaks so fair,
He shall have free access and all kind usage. [*Exit. Trum.*
Old Cl. What do you mean Sir?
Hen. To throw far from my self
The guilt of all the ill that may ensue.
He shall not say that I refus'd to hear,
Or to redress any just grievances.
Y. Cl. Sir, you will find your self will be the grievance.
The Tricks of these ambitious men are, first
To poison all the People with disloyalty,
And when they have made 'em sick, they tell 'em nothing
Can cure 'em but some flowers out of the Crown;
And so they set the rabble raving for 'em.
Qu. Lord *Clifford* when the haughty rebel com e's
Arrest him of High-Treason.
Old Cl. I will do it, Madam.

Enter

Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Richard, George: Plant. *kneels, and kisses the Kings Hand.*

Hen. Welcome dear Cousin. Pray acquaint me faithfully,
What do you mean by all the Troops you bring?
Pl. Only to drive some Traytours from your presence.
Qu. I know no greater Traytors than your self.
Old Cl. And therefore I arrest thee of High-Treason.
Pl. Arrest me! ha! Shall it be thus King *Henry*?
Hen. It shall not be, I promis'd him safe Conduct.
Edw. My Lord, we'll be your Bail.
Pl. See, I have Bail.
Lord *Clifford*, in whose name do you Arrest me?
Old Cl. In the Kings Name.
Pl. Then I'll unfold my self.
Know hitherto I've been like a dark Cloud,
Where scorching heat has been ingendring Thunder:
The grumbling and the rowling you have heard,
But now the deadly bolt shall light among you.
I am your King.
Hen. Ha!
Pl. Yes, I am Your King.
I'm sprung out of the Royal house of *Clarence*,
Whom three usurpers of the house of *Lancaster*
Successively have trodden under feet,
Whilst they have glittered in our Royal Glory,
Shone like false Diamonds in our royal Robes.
Q. Now, Sir, are we convinc'd we told you truth.
Pl. And my next Title is the only Claim;
Duke *Henry*, (for I'll call him now no otherwise)
Duke *Henry* borrows from his bloody Grand Father
Henry the Fourth, I've twenty thousand men,
But with this difference, *Henry*'s Troops were Villains
Deposers of their lawful Sov'reign *Richard*,
Mine are defenders of their true King *Richard*,
I mean my self.
Hen. Was ever such Ambitious
Frenzy as this?
Y. Cl. Did not we tell you this?
Ed. And we will tell you more, obey your King
I mean my Royal Father, or our Swords
Shall turn the Arrest of Treason on your selves.
Old Cl. Surely you think you are among your Beauties,

morous *Edward*, there your Vigour lies.
Q. Let them admire thy boasts, here thou art scorn'd.
Ed. 'Tis said when the brave Duke of *Suffolk* liv'd,
Queen *Margaret* would not contemn a Lover.
'm young, and love, but yet I am not stricken
o blind with beauty, but I can discern
oth the fair Kingdom, and the fair Queen lye
ick of the impotence of a Weak King.
Qu. Ill manner'd insolence!
Rich. Why do you talk
o this poor wretched *Neapolitan*?
he and her Husband are fit for each other;
le has no heart, and she no heart for him.
ortune loathed him as soon as e're she saw him,
or from his Cradle never wou'd endure him,
nd her she never did think worth her care.
Qu. Why! well said ugly Crook-back! spoken like
hy hideous horrid self:
will not do thee so much good to kill thee.
hy Soul cannot be worse than where it is.
Hen. He bears about him what is more deform'd
han humane shape can be, his wickedness.
Pl. I've shewed my right, and here are my three Sons
o plead it with their Swords, now I'll produce
ly last and strongest Title to the Crown,
he sword of the victorious Earl of *Warwick*.
all in the Earl of *Warwick*.

Enter VVarwick.

War. I am here
Pl. Inform the ignorant world who is King of *England*,
War. Whom my sword pleases.
Hen. Thou against me *Warwick*!
hat did'st thou never swear Allegiance to me?
War. 'Cause I adored an idol once in ignorance,
ist I still do so, now I see my error?
ow Duke of *Lancaster* (for you are no more)
nry your Grand Father murdered his King
chard the second, not content with that,
trampled on the rights of the next heirs.
ur Father warlick *Henry*, I confess,
d in desert what he did want in Title.
merit makes no lawful claim to Crowns,
if it did, I wou'd be King of *England*.

But

But I will tell you to your face, Duke *Henry*;
That you have neither Title nor Deſert:
Qu. *Old Cl.* *Y. Cl.* } Moſt impudent of Traytours.
War. I'll ſpeak truth,
And value not the fury of you all.
Your Father *Henry* was a Wall of ſteel
Through which there was no paſſing to the throne,
But you are only a ſoft ſilken Curtain,
Which with my hand or breath I'll put aſide,
And ſeat your ſelf King *Richard* in the Throne,
For it is empty though the Duke be there,
The Duke is nothing, or ſuch poor thin ſoft ſtuff
The Crown ſinks down in him, and is not ſeen.
Yo. Cl. What, have theſe Traytours conquer'd us already,
They talk at this bold rate? Thou Traytour *Warwick*!——
Warwick? no!——when thou didſt unking thy King
Thou mad'ſt thy ſelf a Groom; by the ſame law,
Thou trampleſt on thy King, a ſawcy Groom
May ſet his dirty foot upon thy jaws,
And tell thee they were made both of one Clay.
War. The duke of *Lancaſter*'s no King of mine.
Y. Cl. VVhence haſt thou this? from Lawyers, and from Scriblers?
Say, the King's Grand-father Murther'd his King
And damn'd his Soul for it, what's that to thee?
Say, our proſterity ſhou'd wrong each other,
VVhat muſt their Servants cudgel 'em to honeſty?
Oh! But old ſtories cenſure the King's Title;
Are royal Robes made of ſuch raggs as Pamphlets?
Yes, when a beggar feign wou'd put 'em on,
One that wou'd beg the Kingdom from the people,
And ſuch a beggar is *Plantagenet*.
Oh! but the lawyers like not the Kings Title:
VVhat ſhall the lawyers be the Kingdoms Oracles,
And judge their Kings, who ſpeak but as inſpir'd
By the Kings Image ſtampt upon his Gold?
Let the King give 'em ſtore of golden Pictures
And they will give him a ſubſtantial title.
And then the Noble-men muſt be the Bayliffs
To execute the ſentence of the Coyſe.
Damn thy pedantick Treaſon; thou art as far
From wit as honour, and that's far enough.
VVho ſtopps a River's head up, drie's the ſtream;
Thou haſt divided thy ſelf from thy King,

The ſpring of honour, ſo thou haſt no honour.
But art a heap of dirty peſantry,
Fit only to manure a brave mans fortune;
A ſtraying Beaſt, with the Devil's mark upon thee,
Rebellion, and I'll ſend thee to thy owner.
Ed. What a fierce talker's this?
War. I laugh at him;
All this loud noiſe and fury you have heard,
Is but the crackling of ſome burning thorns,
That hedge the Duke, and they will ſoon be aſhes.
Pl. No more Duke *Henry*, will you yield my Crown,
Or ſhall we fall upon you?
Hen. Muſt it be ſo?
Let us not bloodily Butcher one another;
But fairly to the field, and there in Battle
Make an Appeal to Heaven.
Pl. With all my heart.
Y. Cl. Then royal *Henry*, fixt on loyal *Clifford*,
Stand like a *Cedar* on a Mountain top
Securely rooted, and deſpiſe all ſtorms.
Hen. My cauſe is fixt on Heav'n, for it is juſt.
War. Then ſound to Armes.
All. To Armes, to Armes, to Armes.—— [*Exit*

ACT II.

An Alarm.

Enter Warwick *and Souldiers chaſing others over the Stage.* *Enter* Plantagenet, *and Old* Clifford *fighting.*——*Old* Clifford *falls.*

P FArewell, old valiant *Clifford*, I ſhou'd now
Be ſorry for thee, wer't thou not my Enemy. [*Ex.*
Old Cl. Be ſorry for thy ſelf, thou art a Traytour,
And I for loyalty die honourably.

Enter Young Clifford.

Y. Cl. Shame and Confuſion, all is on the rout.
My men are fled or kill'd, and I alone
Stand like a lofty Maſt, ſhewing my head
Above the Waves, when all the Ship is ſunk,
I cannot find my Father nor my King.

Old Cl.

Old. Cl. Son!
Yo. Cl. I heard a voice resembling much
My Fathers, very weak and faint it seemed,
As he were far from me, or near to death.
Old Cl. Son!
Yo. Cl. Ha! again he calls! Oh! there he lyes!
All weltring in his gore, gasping for life.
Oh! Father! Father! if thou hast breath enough,
Leave with me but the name of him that wounded thee
That I may give thee and my self revenge,
And I'll prefer that glorious Legacy,
Before the Estate and Honour which thou leav'st me
Ol.Cl. Plantagenet gave me my death!—Farewel— [*Dyes.*
Y.Cl. Plantagenet gave thee thy death——*Plantagenet*
Then gave himself and all his race destruction.
He kills our old men, and I'll kill his Children.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pitty,
Tears shall be to me as the dew to fire,
I will be famous for inhumane cruelty,
My Father hear's me not, he's dead! he's gone.
Come thou new ruin of Old *Clifford*'s house,
I'll bear thee on my shouldiers as *Æneas*
Did old *Anchises*, but with this sad difference,
He bore a living Father, mine is dead,
And so my burden and my grief is heavier.

He takes his Father on his back, and going out meets the King, Queen, and Souldiers.

Q. Away, away, Sir, what do you mean to stay?
All's lost, you have no safety but in flight.
Hen. My heart's so heavy that I cannot flye.
Q. Ha! who goes there? *Clifford* thou art, I think.
Yo. Cl. I am.
Qu. What burden hast thou on thy shoulders.
Yo. Cl. I carry vengeance for *Plantagenet*.
Hen. *Plantagenet* dead?
Yo. Cl. A braver honester man,
My valiant loyal Father.
Hen. *Clifford* dead?
Yo. Cl. Kill'd by *Plantagenet*.
Qu. Take comfort, *Clifford*.
We'll streight to *London*, where we have pow'r enough
To revenge our selves and thee, and to assist us.
The Parliament shall meet and raise the Kingdom.

Yo. Cl.

Yo. Cl. For your revenge raiſe Kingdoms and for mine,
I'll raiſe my ſelf, and I'll have bloody Vegeance,
I'll kill *Plantagenet*, and all his Sons
That when he is dead he may not have a Son.
To bear him to the grave, as I my Father;
And ſo cut off his memory from the Earth,
Meet I but any Infants of his Houſe,
Into as many gobbits will I cut 'em
As wild *Medea* did the young *Abſyrtis*,
And I will ſtarve my men that they may eat 'em,
And ſo let us about our ſeveral buſineſs. [*Exit.*

A Shout of Victory. Enter at one door Warwick, *at another* Plantagenet, Edward, Richard, *Souldiers.* Plantagenet *embraces* VVarwick.

Pl. Let me embrace the greateſt man that breaths.
War. Pray ceaſe, my Lord, you know this does not pleaſe me.
Edw. England will learn again to Fight and Conquer,
A glorious ſcience we have almoſt loſt,
Under the reign of this tame bookiſh *Henry*.
War. What is become of the young boaſting *Clifford*?
Fate as if tender of him, did to day,
VVhen e're I met him, thruſt a crowd betwixt us.
Pl. I met his Father in the field; and there
I put the brave old man to his laſt bed.
The ſtout old winter Lyon, that had long
Endur'd the bruſh of time, fought with that heat,
As he had been but in the ſpring of youth.
Like arras-hangings in a homely houſe,
So was his gallant Spirit in his body.
Edw. Whilſt we purſued the horſemen o' the North,
With too much heat, the King eſcap'd our hands;
But he has left behind ſome of his friends,
I fell upon the gallant Duke of *Buckingham*,
And with one fortunate ſubſtantial blow,
I cleft his good ſteel Helmet, and his Scull,
And ſee, his Brains are yet upon my Sword.
Rich. To ſpeak the truth, my Brother *Edward* fought
To day, as if he had fought for a Miſtreſs.
Ed. I muſt confeſs, I fought with more diſpatch;
'Cauſe had the Battle laſted, 'twou'd have ſpoil'd
An aſſignation that I have to night.
Rich. Did not I ſay as much?
Pl. Thou, good Son *Richard*,
Doſt not diſturb thy heart with cares of love. *Rich.*

Rich. The hill upon my back fence's my heart;
The women love not me, ſo I hate them.
War. We have all cut our names deep on the Pillars
Of Fame's high Temple, where ſhall be for ever
Written this glorious Battle at S. *Albons.*
Now, my Lord, poſt away with ſpeed to *London*,
For thither I am told the King is Fled,
And there he will repair this day's wide breaches.
Citizens always love Tame Godly Princes,
And ſuch as abhor fighting like themſelves.
Then, if you can, enter the Town before 'em,
And fill it with your Troops; and then to morrow
Get very early into the Parliament Houſe,
And guarded well, openly claim the Crown.
My Tongue and Sword ſhall both aſſert your Title.
Then let me ſee, what Peer dare be ſo bold,
Or Common ſo ſawcy, to oppoſe it.
Pl. Thou Soul of valour, Wiſdom, and Nobility,
I'll take thy Counſel.
War. Go then march with ſpeed,
I'll tarry for a moment to take care
For any of quality that are dead or wounded.
[*Ex.* Plantagenet, Richard *one way*, Warwick *another*.
Edw. I well approve this ſpeedy March to *London*,
For there to Night I hope to meet my Miſtreſs. [*Ex.* Edward,

Enter two bearing a Body, Warwick *meets 'em.*

War. Whoſe Body is that?
'Tis Sir *John Grey* of *Grooby*.
War. A fierce bigot for the *Lancaſtrian* Faction.
I've heard of him, and whither do you carry him?
2. To his fair Widow; ſhe had only news
He had ſome wounds, and ſo came in her Chariot
To carry him away with her, but all
Her care is now too late; ſee here ſhe is.

Enter Lady Grey *attended.*

La. Gr. Where is my Husband? I am impatient for him.
1. We have found him, Madam, in a ſtate too bad
For you to look on.
L. Gr. Oh! he's dead! he's dead!
2. Help! help! ſhe's falling on him dead as he.
War. I never ſaw ſo beautiful a Creature.

t. She is come to her ſelf,
War. But I'm ſo loſt,
hat I ſhall never be my ſelf again.
La. Gr. Oh! my dear Husband!
War. See! ſee! ſhe embalmes
is Body with her pretious Tears and Kiſſes.
know not to what place his Soul is fled;
ut I am ſure his Body is in Heaven.
orms, Ceremonies, Civil Fooleries,
nſects engendred of corrupt falſe Wit.
will ride o're you in my way to joy;
hough this is the firſt time I ever ſaw her,
nd ſhe lies drown'd in Tears o're her dead Husband
rown'd in his blood, ſhed may be by my ſelf;
et here, and now I'll tell her that I Love;
nd here, and now reſolve to make her mine.
adam, your pardon that I interrupt you.
La. Gr. Who are you, Sir?
War, You, Madam, beſt can tell,
hen I came hither I was Earl of *Warwick*;
ut you have chang'd me to I know not what.
La. Gr. The Earl of *Warwick*! Oh! my Lord I beg you,
onjure you by the Honour of a Noblеman,
hat you permit a miſerable Woman
o give her Husbands Body decent Burial.
War. Madam, with all my heart; and I cou'd wiſh
e had been buried when he firſt ſaw light,
nd never liv'd to do Prodigious miſchiefs.
La. Gr. What wondrous miſchiefs dying for his King?
War. Oh! he has done more ill, than Frantick *Alexander*
hen he ſet fair *Perſepolis* o' Fire,
r him that burnt the fam'd *Epheſian* Temple.
La. Gr. Who did all this?
War. He, whom Heav'n there has puniſht;
nd did it, Madam, by enjoying you,
y kindling in your heart love for himſelf,
e fir'd a ſtately Palace, only fit
or hearts of mighty Kings, He burnt a Temple
he maſter piece of Nature, the Worlds wonder.
La. Gr. Is this fit talk to one in my condition?
War. I know old Tyrant Cuſtom does command
ou Widows to be ſtretch'd on the long rack
f twelve months mournful abſtinence from love.
nd, which methinks is an immodeſt faſhion,
ou muſt wear black the colour of the night,
o put you in remembrance of the pleaſure.
ight for your ſervice pays you no more Wages,

Yet you in gratitude muſt wear Nights livery.
And you muſt ſigh and weep to tell the World
What skill you have in man, for who e're weeps
For loſs of that whoſe value they ne're knew?
Fy! what ill woman brought up thoſe ill Cuſtoms?
La. Gr. What horrid inſolence you treat me with?

Enter one running.

1. My Lord, the Enemy begins to rally.
War. Go fight 'em, for I'm buſily employ'd.

Enter a Second.

2. Mount, mount, my Lord, or you'l be taken Priſoner.
War. I am a Priſoner, nor can ſtir from hence;
Unleſs this beauty with a ſmile releaſe me.
La. Gr. Grief, Horror, and Confuſion put me again
Into a deadly Fainting.
War. I perceive
Formality the Governeſs of Women,
And Cuſtom the great Tyrant of the World
Are married in the Temple of this beauty.
Take with you then your pale Companion,
And pay to it the Tax of ſome Months tears,
And lock your ſelf in ſolitude and darkneſs,
But after that by my renown and fortune,
By this days victory, by that great power,
By which I to the King ſay, be a Subject;
And to a Subject I ſay, be a King.
I ſwear I ſhortly will ſay to my ſelf,
Warwick, be thou Poſſeſſour of this beauty.
I'll have you, though you hate, and Heaven envy me,
And the firſt joy I reap coſt me my life.
La. Gr. In ſpight of me I am compel'd to ſpeak,
I ſwear by the dead body of my Husband,
By my unſpotted fame moſt ſacred to me,
I rather will chuſe death than any man,
But I'll chuſe Hell e're you.
War. Cruelly ſworn;
But yet ſuch Oaths are heriots, which Widows
To cuſtom always pay, when a life falls.
The world expects to have 'em pay ſuch fines,
E're they renew another life in love.
Then, Madam, take your fallen tenement,

And pay all cuſtom'd dues, you have your freedom.
And for your ſafety all my guard ſhall wait you.
La. Gr. Though paying rights of burial to my husband
Be all that I deſire to do on Earth,
E're I will be oblig'd to you for any thing,
I'll dye upon him and be all his monument.
War. Oh Beauteous Monument! all men wou'd d, e
To be ſo buried!——envy will not ſuffer me
To let the dead have ſo much happineſs,
Therefore I'll take my leave.
La. Gr. The only favour
I will receive, or can endure from you.
War. Take it, one kindneſs oft begets another,
Farewel, moſt cruel, but moſt beauteous creature.
La. Gr. Farewel moſt rude and moſt abhorr'd of men.
War. [*Softly to his men.*] Guard her ſafe hence, but do not let her know it,
Leſt ſhe refuſe it, and ſhou'd meet with injury. [*Ex.*

Scene a Room in London, *Table, Lights.*

Enter Edward *pulling in Lady* Ellanor Butler.

L. El. Oh! do not tempt me, for I know
You will be falſe.
Ed. Well but I know I ſhall not.
L. El. Oh! to how many women have you ſworn
As much as you ha' done to me to night?
Ed. Oh is there not great difference among VVomen?
Some Women are but petty Inns to lodg at,
And though perhaps rather than want a lodging,
We wou'd pay all they ask, though moſt unreaſonable:
But if they wou'd pay me, I wou'd not dwell with 'em;
But your ſweet beauty is my journey's end.
L. El. Oh! yes till you begin another journey.
Ed. Beſides the many thouſand Charmes about you,
From which it is impoſſible to 'ſcape,
Your Birth and Quality will not permit me
To trifle with you as with trifling women,
I dare not but regard Lady *Elianor Butler.*
L. El. But when you have enjoy'd Lady *Elianour Butler,*
He'l ſeem as very a trifle as the reſt.
Ed. Then what a perjur'd Villain muſt I be?
L. El. VVhen you are Prince of *Wales*, perhaps you'l think
The Prince of *Wales* is not oblig e l to keep
Lord *Edwards* Oaths, and when I follow you,

You

You will cry, Madam, I am Prince of *Wales*,
And I muſt marry for the Nation's good;
I'm very ſorry I am forc'd to loſe you,
But pardon me, it is the Nation's fault.
So, Madam, I'm your very humble Servant,
If I can ſerve you any way, command you;
Then inſtead of being made Princeſſe of *Wales*
I ſneak away poor cheated *Elianor Butler*.

Ed. Well this is very unkind to make me throw
So ſweet a Night ſo fooliſhly away.
I thought you wou'd have given me a clear draught
Of Love without the dreggs of Oaths and Vows.

L. El. Oh! you are too charming not to be belov'd,
And when once lov'd, not to be lov'd for ever.
I know I've not deſert to keep you conſtant;
And 'tis enough for me that you once lov'd me,
To blame you that you will not love me always,
as a beggar blam'd a Prince, for giving him
Only one Jewel. No one Woman merit's
Your Love, ſo you divide it among all.
But oh! methinks I feign wou'd have it alle
And have it always.

Ed. So I ſwear you ſhall.
Then come away, for night is ſtealing from us,
Weary with holding up her ſable Robe,
To hide two loytring lovers to no purpoſe.
Then come away.

L. El. Oh ſwear to me once more.

Ed. I'll ſwear no more, whil'ſt we by fooliſh Oaths
Secure delights to come, we loſe the preſent.
Then come away, for elſe I ſhall be call'd.
Oh Heaven's! ſee! the day is broke already.
The vaſt and heavy buſineſs of a Kingdom
Heave up the ſcale of Morn before it's time.
Oh! come away for fear I be undone.

L. El. Oh! do not ask for fear I be undone. [*Knocking*

Ed. Hark! I hear knocking! I am call'd, I'm ruin'd.

Enter the waiting Woman.

Wo. My Lord! here is your Brother my Lord *Richard*
Is come to fetch you to the Parliament,
He ſays, your Father's going thither already.

Ed. Did not I tell you, Love, what you wou'd do?
Confound my Lord *Richard*, tell him I'm not here.

Wo. He ſays you are here, and he'l not part with you.

Ed.

Ed. So, we have manag'd our occaſion finely.
Was this well done of you?
L. El. You may forgive me,
Since I'm almoſt as ſorry as you are.
Ed. Then will you mend the fault another time?
L. El. I fancy I ſhall do my weak endeavour.
Rich. within. } Why, Brother!——
Ed. Heark he calls! I muſt be gone,
Farewel, my dear, remember what you have promis'd.
L. El. Remember you your Vows of conſtancy.
Rich. within. } Brother, what do you mean? leave your damn'd Women,
For I'm ſure 'tis ſome damn'd Woman ſtays you.
But for my part I'll ſtay no longer for you.
For I will not be chidden for your faults,
My Father, and his Friends ſhall know how it is.
Ed. Thank thee, good natur'd honeſt vertuous Brother;
How proud this Leper is of one ſound place?
Though he has all the vices in the world,
Yet he inſults o're me, becauſe he is free
From my one fault, my almoſt faultleſs fault.
He is a Hell at whoſe foul front appears,
Ill manners, and ill nature, and ill ſhape,
Like a three-headed Dog, that barks at all things
That dare come near him, ſpecially at beauty;
But has within a thouſand ugly Haggs
His Soul embraces, bloody cruelty,
Lean envy, and inſatiable Ambition.
And he has this advantage over me,
His Miſtreſſes are Devils, and ſo inviſible.
Some time or other I'll deſcend like *Hercules*
Into this Hell, and dragg to humane ſight
The Monſter that ſo barks at my delight. [*Ex.*

Scene the Parliament Houſe, a Throne, Canopy, Seats for the Lords.

Enter Plantagenet, George, Richard, Warwick, Clarence, Rutland, *Guard all with drawn Swords.*

War. This is the palace of the fearful King,
And this the Regal Seat; *Richard Plantagenet*,
Sit down, and from this hour be King of *England*.
Pl. I think if mighty *Warwick* ſaid, be Emperour
Of the whole world, the *Genii* of all Kingdoms
Wou'd vaniſh and give place to his great ſpirit.

Assisted then by thee, I here sit down, [*Sits in the Throne.*
And take possession of my Royal Right.
War. I plant you here, now Root you up who dares.

Enter Edward,

Pl. Wheres my son *Edward*? 'S'wound's! why loiter you?
War. Sir, why do you neglect your Father thus?
Ed. Reprov'd by *Warwick*? what does *Warwick* cheat us? [*Aside.*
Give us a Crown to cheat us of our liberty?
Hire us to be his slaves? so soon so arrogant?
This humour I must quell, I cannot bear it.
Pl. Sons, I here take possession of my right,
And will be Crown'd or kill'd: —— if I shou'd fall,
Son *Edward*, claim the Crown, if you fall with me,
Then, *George*, the Crown is thine, if both you dye,
Then, *Richard*, thou art King.
War. Three goodly Pillars,
Pl. And last in birth but not in my Affection.
Here is my litle pretty darling *Rutland*,
Look to him, Guard, for if his brothers Perish,
He is your King; fear not my pretty Boy.
We'll be too hard for wretched timerous *Henry*.
Rut. Sir, let him come, and all his Souldiers with him.
If you will beat his Souldiers, I'll beat him.
Pl. Well said my boy; and heark; I think he comes.

Enter King Henry *in his Robes, his Crown on his head, the Sword born before him, Attended by* Clifford, Northumberland, Westmorland, Exeter, *in their Robes.*

Hen. My Lords, look where the sturdy Rebel sits.
War. Look where your King is seated, Duke of *Lancaster*,
What say you will you? resign in peace the Crown
To him whose right it is, *Richard Plantagenet*?
Or shall we force it from you by our Swords?
Rich. Let's tear the Crown from the Usurpers head.
Ed. Sound but the Trumpets and the King will fly.
Pl. Peace, Sons.
Hen Peace all of you, and hear your King.
Rebels, I fear all danger less than you do,
For I am better arm'd with innocence.
But I confess I do fear Civil War;
Not for my own, but for my peoples sake,
I am afraid to shed the blood of *English* men,
But you indeed are bold in cruelty.

By which (oh Heaven!) judge whose is the Child
His who desires to have it cut in peices,
Or mine, who strive in tenderness to save it.
For my own part I fear no power, but Heaven,
Rebels may be successful for a time,
And overturn all order, right, and justice,
But Heaven does not let the world stand long
In that unnatural uneasie posture,
But soon put's all things in their proper places.

Pl. Thy own mouth, *Henry*, has pronounc'd thy doom.
Successful Murder, and Rebellion,
Swell'd for two Generations of thy race
Over all right, and all that durst oppose 'em;
But Heaven in thee has dryed up the black stream,
And made it such a Brook all trample over it.

Hen. I've oft been told by thee, my Grand-father
Depos'd his King.

Pl. And I did tell thee truth.

Hen. Cannot a King adopt an Heir?

Pl. VVhat then?

Hen. Did not King *Richard* to my Grand-father
Resign the Crown in open Parliament?

Pl. Did not thy Grand-father compel him to it
By force of Arms? and then the Parliament,
To their eternal shame, if not Damnation,
Flatter'd the wicked fortunate Usurper.

War. But say, the King had done it unconstrain'd,
He cou'd not give away another's right.
Henry usurp'd the right of the next Heirs.

Hen. My Conscience tells me that my Title is weak.

Cl. How, Sir, will you revolt from your own self?
Who will stand by you then?

War. *Clifford*, thou dyest,
If thou permit'st not *Henry* to resign.

Cl. Let *Henry* give his Title to the Crown,
He shall not give my Title to revenge.
May the ground gape and swallow me alive,
When e're I kneel to him who kill'd my Father.

War. Ho! there within. ———

Cl. I am prepar'd for you.

War. *stamps, and enter Souldiers of his side.* Cl. *does the same and enter Souldiers on his side; as they are going to fight,* King Henry *interposes.*

Hen. Hold! hold! my Lords: Oh! let not Blood be shed;

Let

Let us not make a Shambles of this place.
Pray hear me all; I find my Title's weak,
And to defend it were to fight with Juſtice.
Beſides, there lyes already on my head
The Blood of *Richard*, murder'd by my Grand-father,
And I'd be loth to add my peoples Blood:
For ſaving which, hear this propoſal from me,
I have been King theſe eight and thirty years,
And many Intereſts muſt grow to mine
That you can never tear me from the Throne,
But you will ſet a thouſand Veins a bleeding,
Then let me reign in quiet all my life,
And when I'm dead, *Plantagenet* be King.
Pl. I approve of it, and on that condition *Kneels and kiſſes*
I ſwear to be King *Henry*'s faithful Vaſſal. Hen's *hand.*
Hen. And not to ſeek the Throne by Arms or Treaſon?
Pl. Never whilſt King *Henry* lives.
Hen. Then I entail
The Crown to thee and to thy Heirs for ever.
Cl. The Devil to him, and to his Heirs for ever.
VVhat have you done?
War. Good to himſelf and *England.*
Cl. VVrong to his Son, his Subjects, and himſelf.
Ex. VVhy ſigh you, Sir? [*King* Hen. *ſighs.*
Hen. For my poor Son I've wrong'd.
War. You have not wrong'd him, you have wholly freed him
From all the Vengeance due to Uſurpation.
Cl. Oh! *Henry*, if thy Father's Soul did ſee
Thy baſeneſs, it wou'd torture him in Heaven.
Plantagenet, when that great Monarch liv'd,
Thou durſt have ſooner let into thy Soul
Ten thouſand Devils than a Traytrous Thought:
Farewel degenerate faint-hearted King,
May'ſt thou be beat in War, and ſcorn'd in Peace. [*Exit.*
Pl. Sons, head the Troops before the Palace Gate,
Leſt furious *Clifford* ſhou'd do ſome raſh thing.
[*Ex.* Ed. *and* Rich. *and* George.

Enter the Queen and Prince.

Pl. Here comes the Queen.
Hen. And with her my poor Son.
War. She appears big with Thunder and with Lightning:
Expect a Tempeſt quickly, Sir, but ſlight it.
Qu. Are the news true? can it be poſſible

That you have disinherited your Son?
And given your Crown to Trayterous *Plantagenet*?
Hen. The Crown is his, I have no Title to it,
But what is founded on Rebellion,
The murder and usurpation of a King.
Qu. Then hast thou not the spirit of a King,
Nor of a Father, timerous mean VVretch,
To let a Crew of Rebels hector thee
Out of a Crown, nay out of thy own Son?
For thou must think thou hast no Title to him,
Or thou'dst not disinherit him unnaturally.
Hen. My Love, I do not disinherit him;
For what I give away is not his right;
And if I should entail another's right on him,
I shou'd entail Heaven's Vengeance on his head.
Qu. Who says the Crown's not yours?
Hen. I am convinc'd
By powerful Arguments.
Qu. By Pikes and Swords.
Had I been here when thou mad'st this Agreement,
The Souldiers shou'd have tost me on their Pikes,
E're I'd have stoop'd to such unnatural baseness.
Oh! how came thee and I in Marriage joyn'd?
For I am Fire, thou art weak floating Water,
Driven by the breath of Rebels any way.
Wou'd I had dy'd a Maid, and never seen thee;
At least had never born thee such a Son.
Oh! my sweet Son, thou art no more a Prince,
Because thy Father is no more a King.
He has undone himself, and thee, and all of us.
Pr. I am a Prince, and I will be a King.
Father, you cannot disinherit me;
You may bestow your Kingdom whil'st you live,
But when you are dead it is not yours, but mine.
Qu. My Son, he shall not disinherit thee.
I have men here to guard me from these Rebels,
And Troops else-where to conquer 'em, and punish 'em.
And I will make my Son a Glorious Prince;
Whil'st thou, tame Prince, shalt be a slave to Traytors:
Made to assist in conquering thy self,
And then in digging thy own Sepulchre;
For Rebels will not do their work by halves.
Though thou art but the shadow of a King,
Rebels will tremble at a Royal Shadow,
And they'll be forc'd to kill thee, if 'tis possible,

To make thee a more dead thing than thou art.
Hen. Oh! my dear Love, talk not so harshly to me.
Qu. I will be harsher in my deeds than words.
For from this moment I divorce my self
For ever from thy Bed, thou art no King,
And thou shalt have no Sons of me to ruine;
I scorn to have a Slave get on my Body. [*Ex. Qu. and Pr.*
Hen. Poor Queen, how love and pity for my Son
Set her a-raging, as they set me grieving?
War. Add her ambition to her love and pity,
For that has no small share in her disturbance.
Pl. I know she's raising Forces in the *North*,
My Lord of *Warwick*, do you keep the King,
And stay to raise what Force you can in *London*,
While I will to the *North*, and so between us
We'll wall her in, and keep that fire from spreading.
Hen. Pray, my Lords, do, I will assist you both
Against my self, I'll do to others right,
Though on my self I sure destruction bring,
E're I'll be wicked, I will be no King. [*Ex. omnes.*

ACT. III.

Scene a Castle.

Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Richard.

Pl. HOW has this Woman charm'd these men together,
No less than twenty thousand? a vast Army!
All my Troops here will scarcely make five thousand,
Then she is gotten between me and *London*;
That I can no way join the Earl of *Warwick*,
Nor can he possibly come time enough
To my assistance; I am in a strait.
Ed. I think not, Sir, brave men are never in a strait
When they have Arms and Liberty to fight.
Pl. I shou'd slight odds, if the Enemy were *French*,
But now our present Enemies are *English*,
Made of the same brave stuff as we our selves.
Rich. But such brave stuff as we have soundly beaten,
And such as are conducted by a Woman.
And men ne're think of fighting under Petticoats.

Pl. I've ſent your Brother *George* to raiſe ſome Troops,
I hop'd he might have been with me er'e now;
But I muſt take my fortune now, the Enemy
Approaches us——bring in my dear Boy *Rutland.*

Enter Rutland, *and a Prieſt his Tutor.*

My Darling, let me kiſs thee e're I go,
I know not if I 'ere ſhall ſee thee more;
If I ſhould fall under the numerous Enemy,
I leave thee to the care of thy three Brothers,
All valiant men, and ſome of 'em I hope
Will be great men, be Kings; I charge 'em all
On my laſt bleſſing to take care of thee,
My pretious Darling, as of their own Souls.

Rut. Why do you talk thus, Sir? you make me weep,
If you muſt dye, I hope I ſhall dye with you;
I had rather dye with you than live a King.

Pl. Sweet Boy, farewell my Soul,—here take the Boy
And guard him ſafely in the ſtrong dark Vault,
And if things prove worſe than I hope they will,
Convey him ſafely to our next Garriſon,
And give his Brothers notice of his flight.

[*Ex.* Pl. Ed. Rich. *one way,* *another* Rutl. *with a Guard.*

An Allarm, ſhouts of Victory, the Scene continues. Enter Clifford *and his Souldiers.*

Cl. Purſue, purſue, purſue, and give no quarter,
I charge you do not ſpare Man, Woman, or Child. [*Ex.*

An Allarm, Enter Rutland.

Rut. Oh! whither ſhall I fly? how ſhall I eſcape?
Ah! *Clifford* comes! and no one's here to guard me.

Cl. Ha! have I found one of *Plantagenet*'s Brats?

Rut. Oh! now I ſhall be murder'd! hold, my Lord,
Hear me but ſpeak one word before I dye.

Cl. What canſt thou ſay, fond Boy, that's worth my hearing?

Rut. I'd only beg you to regard your ſelf;
You are a valiant man, I am a Boy;
Stain not your fame by killing a poor Boy,
I wou'd not for your own ſake you ſhou'd do it;
For I love gallant men, and I love you;

Though

Though you are my Enemy, becauſe you are gallant.
Cl. Away you inſinuating, flattering boy,
Who taught you this Hypocriſie? your Prieſt?
Give o're, give o're! for were there in thy Voice
Celeſtial Harmony, my Father's Blood
Has ſtop'd the paſſage where the ſound ſhou'd enter.
Rut. I did not ſhed his Blood.
Cl. Thy Father did.
Rut. Then fight my Father, that will get you honour.
Cl. Shou'd I kill thee, thy Father, all thy Brothers,
Nay ſhou'd I dig up thy Fore-father's Graves,
And hang their rotten Coffins up in Chains,
My rage wou'd not be quench'd.
Rut. That's very ſtrange;
VVhy ſhou'd your fury burn againſt the innocent?
Cl. I kill thee out of hatred to thy kind,
As I wou'd do a Toad, or a young Serpent.
Rut. Hear me but one word more, dear, brave, Lord *Clifford*;
You have a Son, for his ſake pity me,
Leſt as you kill me for my Father's faults,
Juſt Heaven ſhou'd deſtroy your Son for yours,
And he be miſerably kill'd as I am.
Then, Oh! for your Son's ſake give me my life,
And for my Father's faults keep me in Priſon,
And kill me whenſoever I offend you.
Cl. Thou wilt be an offence to me in living.
Whilſt any of thy curſed Fathers race
Live upon Earth, I live on Earth?—then dye——
Rut. Oh! ſhall I have no pity at your hands?
Cl. Such pity as my Rapiers point affords! [*Wounds him.*
Rut. May'ſt thou ne're get more fame than by this deed;
Oh my poor Father! Oh! my death will kill him. [*Dyes.*
Cl. Ho! take the body up, and carry it after me,
I'll make a preſent of it to his Father. [*Exit.*

Enter Plantagenet.

Pl. All's loſt, my men by numbers are devour'd,
Or fly like Ships before the ſtormy wind.
My Sons have bravely fought, but all in vain,
They only ſwim like Swans againſt the Tide,
And are born down by over-matching Waves,
And I am very faint and cannot flie;
But had I ſtrength, I'm on all ſides enclos'd,
The Sands are numbred that make up my life,

See!

See! the bloody *Clifford* comes! then here I fall!

Enter Clifford *and Souldiers.*

Cl. Ha! have I found thee proud *Plantagenet.*
What tumbled *Phaethon* from thy ſhining Chariot,
And made an Evening at thy higheſt Noon?
Oh Father! from the joys above deſcend,
And ſhare with me the pleaſure of Revenge,
Or elſe by high revenge I'll climb to thee.
Pl. Thou bloody raging *Clifford*, do thy worſt;
I'd ſcorn to ask thee mercy hadſt thou any,
But thou haſt none, then come with all thy Multitudes.
Cl. So Cowards fight when they can fly no farther,
So Pigeons peck the Falcon's piercing Talons,
So deſperate Thieves breathe curſes at the Officers.
Pl. Haſt thou the impudence to charge a Prince
With cowardize, who made thee baſely fly?
Call to thy memory S. *Albans* Battel.
Cl. I do, then didſt thou kill my brave old Father.
Pl. And now wou'd thee, wert thou not back't with multitudes.
Cl. I will try that; ſtand of, and do not touch him,
Unleſs I fall; then cut him all to pieces.
I will not loſe revenge; yet I will give him
So much revenge to kill me if he can.
Pl. I thank thee for the kindneſs, 'tis a great one.

They Fight, Plantagenet *is diſarm'd and thrown.*

Cl. Now wilt thou yield that I have fairly conquer'd thee?

As Cl. *is lifting up his arm to kill him, Enter the Queen.*

Q. Hold valiant *Clifford*! hold!—I wou'd prolong
The Traytors life to ſcorn him, trample on him:
Are you the man that wou'd be King of *England*?
Are you the man that revell'd in the Parliament?
Sat in your Sovereign's Throne, and did believe
Your breath cou'd blow his Crown from off his head?
Where are your Meſs o' Sons to back you now?
Your wanton *Edward*, and your luſty *George*,
Your ugly valiant *Dick*, that crookback Prodigy?
And with the reſt, where is your darling *Rutland*?
Pl. My heart miſgives me, where is he indeed?
Qu. Ask *Clifford.*

Pl. Oh! thou haſt not butcher'd, *Clifford*,
The innocent Boy?
Cl. On that young tender morſell
My greedy vengeance ſtaid a while it's ſtomach,
Till it cou'd dine on thee, and all thy Sons.
Qu. See! I have ſtain'd a Napkin in the blood,
That valiant *Clifford* with his Rapier's point
Made iſſue from the boſome of thy darling,
And bring it thee to wipe away thy tears.
Pl. She-wolf of *France!* or rather cruel Tygreſs,
For woman thou art none; women are ſoft,
Gentle and pitiful, but thou art cruel,
Oh! ten times more than an *Hyrcanian* Tygreſs.
There is a Boy that thinks thou art his Mother;
But ſurely thou didſt never bear a Child,
For thou woud'ſt ſomething know a Parents love,
And have ſome natural touch of pitie in thee,
And not have drain'd the life-blood of a Child
To bid his Father wipe his eyes withal.
Qu. I therefore did it to increaſe thy ſorrow:
I know a Parent's love, and thy fond love,
And all the myſteries of thy haughty heart;
I knew that thou woud'ſt Barricado it
Againſt the loſſes of a Crown and Life,
With Iron-barrs of ſtubborneſs and pride,
But oh! this blood like Oyl will ſink into it;
Theſe Crimſon threads will lead tormenting grief
Into the inmoſt lodgings of thy Soul,
And leſt this Napkin be too ſoft a thing
I have within an Engine that ſhall ſqueeze
Thy ſoul into thy eyes. Bring *Rutland*'s Body.
Now thou haſt drunk the liquour, take the cup.

Enter ſome with dead Rutland.

Pl. Oh! my ſweet Boy!
Qu. Ah! this is Muſick to me!
This is the part thou mean'ſt I ſhou'd have plaid,
If thy accurſed Treaſons had ſucceeded.
But that my Tragedy muſt have been deeper,
And bloodier far; thou mean'ſt I ſhoud have wept
For a loſt Kingdom, Husband, and a Son.
Pl. Yes, and I do not doubt but my three Sons,
Heaven's vengeance, and the curſes of all *England*
Shortly will make thee weep for loſs of all 'em.
Qu. I'll ſpoil thy prophecying; give me a ſword.

Cl. I'll pierce him first, there's for my Fathers blood.
Qu. There for the horrid ills thou threatnest to me.
Cl. There for the ills he brought upon the Kingdome,
Pl. Open thy gate of mercy gratious Heaven!——. (*Dyes.*
Qu. Now take his head once fill'd with lofty thoughts,
And set it on a lofty pinacle.——— [*Ex.*

Scene the Field.

Enter Edward.

Ed. No tydings of my Father? I am troubled!

Enter Richard.

Ric. Brother, I 've news!
Ed. what of our valiant Father?
Ric. Oh no! I cannot hear what is become of him.
Ed. What are your news then?
Ric. They are not very good;
A Messenger is come from the Earl of *Warwick*,
Who tell's us he is marching to our aid,
But leaving a strong party with Lord *Cobham*,
To guard the King, and all the Southern parts,
They chanc'd to meet with some of the Queen's Troops.
And whether the Kings Coldness numm'd his keepers,
Or whether terror of the Warlike Queen,
Whose armies and success each hour encrease
Or of the inexorable cruel *Clifford*,
It is not known, but my Lord *Cobham*'s men
Look'd on the shining Valour of the Enemy,
Like sleepy Owles on day, and fell beneath it.
That they were all destroyed, and *Henry* fled,
With the Victorious Troops to joyn the Queen;
That the Earl of *Warwick* now wants strength to fight her.
Ed. This is ill news indeed! what shall we do?
Ric. Hee desires you to haste away with speed,
To meet ten thousand men marching from *Wales*,
Rais'd by your interest there to whom he sent
To joyn his Troops if possible to morrow.
Which they may do, if you will hasten 'em.
Ed. They shall not want for that, I'll go this instant.
Ric. Pray do not fail, for all our Lives, and Fortunes
Are set on this one cast.
Ed. I'll spur away.

Which

Which way go you?

Ric. I'll to the Earl of *Warwick*. [*Exit.*

Ed. My Horſe, my Horſe, I muſt ride for a Kingdom.

Enter Lady Eleanor Butler *in a riding dreſs.*

La. El. My Lord!

Ed. My Love!—or a fair Viſion! if a Viſion
Tell me, leſt I embrace thee into a Dew.

La. El. Yes, I am that fond ſhe who gave Lord *Edward*
The lovelyeſt, braveſt, but the moſt inconſtant
Of all mankind my hand and heart for ever.

Ed. Then I am that fond he, will loſe a Kingdom
Rather than one hours pleaſure with my Love,
And ſo farewell a Kingdom for an hour.

La. El. I heard you were ſurrounded by the Queens
Numerous Troops, and in exceeding danger;
And I cou'd have no quiet, till I came
And ſhar'd your deſtiny what e're it was.

Ed. Oh! it was kindly charitably done,
To ſpeak the truth, mine is a ſcurvy deſtiny,
The Enemy is in my Father's Caſtle,
And I've no Beds of Down, on Golden Bed-ſteads
Under plum'd Canopies, t'embrace my Love in;
My Deſtiny will be to lye to night
On ſome Straw-bed, under ſome low thatch'd Roof,
And thou ſhalt ſhare it; what if the chil wind
Blow on us? it will make us lye the cloſer;
Or what if we ſhou'd lye on the cold Earth?
It was our Grandſire *Adam*'s Bridal Bed,
'Twas there he gave the ſtart to all mankind.

La. El. Fye, Fye, ſuch thoughts as theſe at ſuch a time?
When you have a Life and Kingdom to look after.

Ed. A thouſand Lives and Kingdoms are in thee,
Whilſt the Enemies tall fortune ſtalks about
In darkneſs, like a blinded *Polyphem*;
We will creep under it into a Cottage
Of ſome of my own faithful Tenants here,
And ſafely ſteal delight, like cunning Mariners,
Pilfring the hold out of the reach of ſhot.

La. El. Have you a mind then to be kill'd or taken?
The Woods are all full of the Enemy.

Ed. Shou'd all the Trees turn men, and the Graſs Pikes,
I will not ſtir from hence, till I've enjoy'd thee.
My crooked Brother *Richard* like a Hook

Pull'd me away from thee the other night,
For which I'll lay a double Tax on this.
La. El. Though I am but your Wife in hopes and promiſes,
So great an Empire have you over me,
My heart wou'd not refuſe you any Tax,
Did not your ſelf run danger in the gathering.
Ed. There is no danger, every Cottager
In all theſe parts will hang e're he'll betray me;
Then let the loſs of the laſt opportunity
Make us ſo wiſe, to uſe this whilſt we have it.
La. El. Pray do not ask me.
Ed. Pray do not deny me.
La. El. You will be taken.
Ed. No, I'll warrant you.
La. El. But if you ſhou'd?
Ed. No matter if Thieves come,
When we have put our Money out to uſe.
La. El. You are a ſtrange man.
Ed. And you are a ſweet woman.
Come, come away.
La. El. Well now, if miſchief happen
Do not blame me.
Ed. There can no miſchief happen,
Like loſing this moſt bleſſed opportunity,
Then come along, —— along ——
La. El. Oh! that I cou'd not.
Ed. Away, away, I ſay.
La. El. Well ——— ſince I muſt ——— [*Ex.*

Enter Souldiers dragging Country-men. Scene a Cottage.

1 *Soul.* Where is your Money, Rogues? confeſs, you Rogues.
1 *Coun.* Indeed, Sir, I am a very poor man,
I get my living by my labour, Sir,
And I have nothing but from hand to mouth.
1 *Soul.* You lye, you Rogue, you lye, I know the tricks
Of all you Rogues; when e're your King wants Money,
Then you are poor, you cannot pay your Taxes;
But if the Swords of Rebels plow the Nation
Then you have Bags, and you can bring 'em out
Like Baggs of Seed, and ſow 'em all for Crops
To maintain Rogues that fight againſt your King;
Nay for that uſe can pawn your Pots and Kettels,
But now for us you cannot find a Farthing.
2 *Coun.* Indeed, Sir, you ſhou'd have it, if I had it,

With

VVith all my heart.

2 *Soul.* You lye, you Rogue, you lye.
I know this Rogue, he is one of the damn'd Rebels,
Plantagenet's chief Tenants, a rich Fellow;
You have no Money for the King's Souldiers,
But you had Money to fit out your Son
A Trooper, Sirrah, to fight for Rebellion.

3 *Soul.* Oh Rogue!

2 *Soul.* I knew his Son, and kill'd the Dog.

2. *Co.* Oh! wretched me! he was my only Son.

1. *So.* Come take the Rogue and hang him on that tree,
Unleſs he preſently confeſs his Money.

2. *Cou.* Oh! Sir, I will confeſs! I will confeſs.

3. *Sou.* Then you have money, Sirrah?

2 *Coun.* Yes, a little.

1 *Son.* A little! Oh! you Rogue! juſt now you had none.
You have a little too?

1 *Coun.* Yes, Sir, a little.

2 *So.* And where's your little Money? quickly! quickly!

2 *Cou.* Mine is buried here, under my Hearth.

1 *So.* Come digg and find it.

2 *Co.* Oh! undone!

1 *Soul.* Digg, Digg. [2 *Countryman diggs.*

2 *Soul.* Where is your Money, Sirrah?

1 *Cou.* In my Cow-houſe
Under the Dung.

2 *Soul.* Go, Sirrah! go and fetch it. [*Exit.* 1 *Countryman.*

2 *Cou.* Here's all my money! Sir.

2 *Soul.* Here all, you Rogue?
Sirrah! you lye! you have ten times as much.
Do not I know you a fat Bacon Rogue,
That have been ſmoking in *Plantagenet*'s Chimney,
Theſe forty years? Sirrah! I know your purſe
Cut's a foot thick, of Reechy golden fat.

2 *Cou.* Indeed here's every penny, that I have.

1 *So.* Do you think, Sirrah, we'll be chous'd o' this faſhion?
We have hang'd half the people in your Country,
For offering to put ſuch tricks upon us;
And therefore have a care.

2 *Coun.* Oh! I'll confeſs!
I'm an old man, and my only Son is kill'd.
And now I care not what becomes o' me.
I'll ſhew you all I have; there it lies buried
Under yon Oak.

1 *Soul.* Go, Sirrah, go and fetch it.

Enter the first Countryman.

1. *Cou.* Here's all I have been getting forty years.
Pray ſpare me a little for my two poor Daughters.
1. *So.* How has he Daughters? we ſhall have more ſport.
All 3. *So.* Hay! for the Daughters! Hay for the Daughters. [*Ex.*
1 *Co.* Ah! my poor Daughters! [*Ex.*

Enter the Souldiers chaſing two Country Girles, who cry, help! help! their Father runns after 'em weeping: they all rnn over the Stage. After cries within.
Enter the Souldiers with Money baggs, dragging the Countrymen. Scene continues.

2 *Soul.* So now you Rogues, how do you like Rebellion
You were a Couple of ſeditious Rogues,
That us'd at Ale-houſes to pay for all
That rail'd againſt the King, and Government.
Now had not you better have Plowed, and Carted,
And pay'd your Taxes honeſtly and quietly,
Then have your Money ſeiz'd, your Daughters raviſh'd,
Your Sons knock'd o' the head, and your ſelves hang'd,
As you ſhall be?
1 *Coun.* Oh! Sir! I hope not ſo,
Now you have promis'd us.
1 *Soul.* You impudent Doggs,
Did not you ſwear Allegiance to your King?
Yet break your Oaths to him? and do you expect,
We ſhou'd keep Verbal promiſes with you?
2. *Soul.* This Country belongs, Sirrah, to your Landlord;
And we have orders to take all the Money,
Burn all the Houſes, and hang all the people.
We have obey'd our orders yet, and will.

The Scene is drawn, and there appears Houſes and Towns burning, Men and Women hang'd upon Trees, and Children on the tops of Pikes.

1 } *Coun.* Oh Heaven! have mercy on us! have mercy on us!
2 }
1 *Soul.* Now Rogues, how do you like Rebellion?
2. *Soul.* Come hang 'em whilſt there is a Tree to ſpare,
They are almoſt all beſpoke. [*Drumb beats.*

Enter a Scout.

Scout. To Armes, to Armes, *Warwick* is coming.
All 3. *Warwick!* Arme, Arm, Arm. [*Ex.* *Enter*

Enter Richard, Warwick, *Souldiers.*

Ric. Oh horrid ſpectacle! See here, my Lord!
War. The Queen is planting in your Fathers Lands
An Orchard for the Devil.
Ric. I will dung this Orchard
With the blood of thoſe that planted it,
I have a Spirit in this crooked Trunck
Stands like a keeper in a hollow Tree,
Ready with bended bow to ſhoot fat Deer,
And down goe's thou, thy *Henry*, all thy Race.
I'll not leave killing, 'till I've built my Father
A monument of Bones and Sculls of Enemies
That ſhall o'relook th' *Ægyptian Pyramids.*
Oh that my Brother *Edward* now were come!
War. Till his Troops come we cannot fight the Enemy,
For they are above thirty thouſand ſtrong,
And we ſcarce twelve.

Enter Edward, *a Woman.*

Ric. What do I ſee! I think
I ſee him there! pray look, my Lord, and tell me.
Now I am ſure 'tis he! for there's a Woman:
Oh! we are ruin'd! for I will be damn'd,
If he has not been with her all this Night.
War. He durſt not do it, durſt not ſerve me ſo.
Ed. I ſee my Brother and my Lord of *Warwick*,
Retire. [*Ex. Wom.*
War. My Lord.
Ed. My Lord of *Warwick.*
War. Yes my Lord;
Where are your men?
Ed. My Lord, I muſt confeſs,
I've been to night a happy, but great ſinner.
Starting to gallop for the Crown, my deſtiny
Flung in my way brighter temptations,
Than were all *Atalanta*'s Golden Balls,
That had it coſt a Kingdom and my life,
I cou'd not but have ſtoop'd to take 'em up.
Ric. 'Tis well, muſt all the glory we have div'd for
In Seas of blood, be melted in a kiſs,
And ſwallowed down like *Cleopatra*'s pear

In

In one ſweet draught?
War. So you have ſerv'd me well.
Ric. And do you thus revenge our Fathers blood?
War. But what revenge ſhall I have for the ruin,
That I am like to ſuffer in your ſervice?
Ed. Fear not.
War. I do not fear, I know which way
I can repair my ſelf; in *Henry*'s ſervice
I can have greatneſs with leſs pains, and dangr,
Than I muſt take in yours to be undone.
Ed. You will not leave me?
War. You firſt left your ſelf,
And left me too.
Ed. I beg your pardon for it,
Who, now my Fathers murderd, am your King.
War. You are my King, but King of my own making,
And I, like Heaven, repent I've made a Creeture
Who for the Apple of a rowling Eye,
Will loſe a World: But I'll ſecure my ſhare of it.
I will go make *Henry* a King again,
And tumble you again into a ſubject.
Ed. You will not ſure, my Lord!
War. I ſwear I will.
Ed. Oh but you cannot do it.
War. I'll try that.
Ed. You can at moſt but make *Henry* a Tyrant,
For I am lawful King.
War. Oh! I'll give *Henry*
My Sword, and do you keep your lawfulneſs,
Then try which of you will be King of *England*.
I ne're found Conſcience or in Prieſt, or Layman
So firm at anchor, but a golden Ax
Wou'd cut the Cable, or ſucceſs cou'd weigh it,
And ſet the Conſcience ſwimming with the Tyde.
Ric. Oh! I cou'd tear my fleſh! muſt we be ruin'd
For a fair Toy?——but I will not be ruin'd.
For I will ſeek the Kingdom for my ſelf.
Ed. Brother, 'tis well.
Rich. Brother, it ſhall be ill,
Exceeding ill with you, and very quickly.
Ed. Hold! I command you both hear me one word.
Know I have only made a Tryal of you,
For I have brought the Troops that you deſir'd,
I marcht 'em hither with ſuch expedition,
Their front encounter'd here the front of day.

Nay

Nay more, I've brought my Brother and his Troops,
Both Armies are not half a mile from hence;
And here my Brother is: Brother, come hither.

Enter George.

Geo. I heard of our great Fathers ſad misfortunes
And came to his revenge with all the ſpeed
A hungry wretch wou'd do to a great feaſt,
Where there were many gueſts, and he far off.
Ed. Now my good faithful Friends, what think you both?
Now, *Warwick*, will you make *Henry* a King?
And, Brother, will you make your ſelf a King?
I was inform'd of what I have diſcover'd
That you, good Brother, ſought to be a King;
And *Warwick* to command him, who is King;
And him you cannot Govern, you will ruin.
Henry is govern'd by the Queen and *Clifford*
And ſo becauſe there is no room for Rule,
You fight for us to make us all your Vaſſals.
War. Who durſt ſay this of me?
Ric. And what bold Villain
Durſt give you ſuch a Character of me?
Ed. Oh! you are angry, I'm inform'd the truth.
If they be Villains, who durſt tell me this,
Then what are you, who durſt to my own face
Threaten to do all this?
War. It was all paſſion.
Ric. Nothing but paſſion.
Ed. Brother, you are wrong'd,
Or in cold blood you are as bad as this;
You act the undermining *Polititian*,
A King is a ſtrong Tower on a high Rock,
And it is dangerous to ſtorm him openly;
So at a mighty diſtance they break ground
And caſt up earth, that is by ſubtle tricks
They raiſe the dirty crow'd, and behind them
They lie ſecure from Royal battery.
There if they find any unguarded place,
About the King, they uſe it moſt unmercifully.
My heart to beauty always lies too open,
And that infirmitie thou giveſt no quarter;
Though thou who cenſureſt me, becauſe ſometimes,
I ſhed ſome vacant hours among fair Women,
Wou'dſt ſhed the blood, or of thy Friend or King,

Or if thy Father, were he now alive,
To gain a Crown, for there is thy chief Luſt.
Ric. That is a Cruel cenſure.
Ed. But a true one,
Who ſtabbs my Name, wou'd ſtab my Perſon too,
Did not the Hangman's Ax lye in his way,
And no man care's to ſtumble upon that.
War. Well, Sir, I have ſo long gone clad in Steel,
I have forgot to kneel; but yet my Spirit,
More ſtubborn than my ſinews, bends to you,
And beggs your pardon for my too raſh paſſion,
For 'twas no more, and there appear'd occaſion;
Though you it ſeems kindled the fire o' purpoſe
To ſhew us by the light of it our faults.
Ed. Nay, I will own after the days Fatigues,
I fell into an ambuſcade of beauty,
Where ignorant of what befell my Father,
And deep in Love, I lay ſome hours laſt night;
And which of you wou'd not have done the ſame?
War. All of us wou'd, and, Sir, I humbly beg you
Think my wild paſſion was the Woman in me,
And I've enjoy'd my Woman, as you yours.
Ed. My Lord, I know you wou'd enjoy your Woman,
I mean your Miſtreſs, for you have a Miſtreſs,
And you, who threatned to revolt from me;
Becauſe ſome moments, which were due to buſineſs,
I gave away to Beauty, and to Love,
Had almoſt at S. *Albans* given away
Our victory, to a Woman that abhorr'd you.
War. Ha!
Ed. Yes, my Lord, I was inform'd the ſtory.
You woo'd her, over her dead Husband's Body,
Till you were almoſt taken by the Enemy.
I do not know her Name, I never pry
Into your pleaſures, though you cenſure mine.
But thou in Chaſtity, wou'dſt ſeem a *Scipio*.
Know, that the Woman thatthou ſaw'ſt me with,
Was thy own Whore.
Ric. Ha!
Ed. Yes, thy own poor Whore,
A Peaſant's dirty Daughter, whom thou keep'ſt,
By whom thou haſt a little tawny Baſtard,
Whom I o' purpoſe brought to ſhew thy Faults,
In th' eyes, where thou haſt often ſeen thy face.
This is the Lady.

Enter

Enter Woman.

Ric. Curſed treacherous jade! [*Aſide.*
Ed. Now, Sirs, what think you?
Ge. Pray, Sir, give me leave
To intercede for 'em, I ſee ſhame covers 'em,
And to great minds no puniſhment like ſhame.
Rich. Sir, not for mine, but for my Father's ſake
Pardon my Errours and accept my Service, [*Kneels both.*
That I may aid you to revenge his Blood.
War. Sir, not for mine, but for the Kingdoms ſake,
Pardon my Errours and accept my ſervice,
For I by placing you in the *Engliſh* Throne
Shall place the *Engliſh* Throne above the World.
Ed. Riſe both of you, I freely pardon you,
And yet methinks it is unequal uſage
A King ſhou'd pardon all the faults of Subjects,
And Subjects pardon nothing in their King;
When a King's crown'd, he is not deifyed,
When he puts on the Royal Robes, he does not
Therefore put of th' Infirmities of man.
I own I have my faults, and ſo have you,
You ſee I have convinc'd you, and I did it
That you might leave your faults and pardon mine;
Or if you kept your faults to part with me;
For if my Lord of *Warwick* does deſign
By all his Service only to enſlave me,
I ſhall loſe nothing by his leaving me,
I can but be a Slave when I am conquer'd,
And if my Brother *Richard* has worſe ends——
Ric. Oh! Sir, no more, unleſs you do deſign
I ſhou'd rip up my Breaſt to ſhew my heart——
War. Sir, I'll deſire no farther pardon of you,
Till I have writ it in your Enemies Blood,
And pawn'd my Life and Fortune for my Loyalty.
Ed. Our Friendſhip then is ſtronger for this breach,
Now let us bend our talk to our Affairs,
On the ſad tidings of my Father's death,
Which I but lately heard, I ſent Commiſſioners
To *Henry* to demand the Crown of him
According to the Oath he made in Parliament.
They are here!——what tydings? Peace, or War?

Enter Commissioners.

Com. War.
All. War.
1 *Com.* Th' Amazon Queen drags *Henry* to the Battel.
He fain would keep his Oath, but she'll not suffer him.
Ric. I'm glad of it, I would not for a Kingdom
Peace shou'd chain up that Bloody Mastiff *Clifford*,
And keep him safe from the edge of our keen Swords.
War. You wrong the Beast to give that name to *Clifford*,
An *English* Mastiff scorns to bite a Child.
Ed. Now let us march to meet the Enemy,
This day decides who shall be King of *England*,
The right is ours.
War. And Justice will prevail,
Since Right and Merit both are in the Scale. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV.

An Alarm.

Enter King Henry, *the Queen*, *Prince*, Clifford.

Cl. DAmn your unlucky Planets, pray, Sir, get you
Out of the Battel, 'tis impossible
For men to fight the malice of your Planets.
Qu. He tells you true, Sir, Victory will never
Come where you are.
Hen. Victory will not come
Where Perjury is, you make me break my Oath.
Cl. You ought not to have sworn so ill an Oath.
Pr. Father, you cannot give away my Right,
I'll rather lose my life than my Inheritance.
Cl. Spoke like a Prince.
Hen. Oh! Boy, if thou didst know
What a Crown was, thou wou'dst be more content,
If I shou'd leave thee no Inheritance,
But the Example of my vertuous deeds;
I wish my Father had left me no more.
Cl. Oh! damn all this! ——come, let us to the Battel.
[*Ex.* Cl. *Qu. Pr.*
Hen. Oh! how this Fellow curses! he accuses My

My Stars for my misfortunes, when his Curses
Wound all my Men, and poyson the Enemies shot.
Wou'd I were dead if it were Heav'ns good will! [*Lyes down*
For I am very weary of this World.
Troublesome folly governs all this World.
Men live her Vassals, and they dye her Martyrs.
Oh! happy he who in an humble state
Only attends on Nature's easie business,
And brings white heirs down to a quiet Grave,
Falling to earth, as gently as the Snow.

Alarm! Enter a Son bearing his Father.

Here comes a wretch laden, as he believes,
With happy Fortune, 'tis with bloudy folly,
And Heaven has carv'd Fool on his breast with wounds.
Son. Who e're thou art thy life has cost me dear,
But I'll repay my self out of thy Gold;
If thou hast any; with the hopes of that
I took such pains to kill thee. And yet I
Who plunder thee, may be compel'd e're Night,
To give my life, and plunder to another.
What's this? Oh! Heaven! I have kill'd my Father.
Oh Father pardon me, I did not know thee.
I was in *London* prest to serve the King,
And thou the Earl of *Warwick*'s servant prest,
To fight on th' other side, and so unknown
We met and Fought; and so unknown I kill'd thee.
Oh from thy Bosom I will wash away,
With tears, the marks of this unnatural Crime.
Hen. Oh piteous spectacle! Oh sad confusions!
What horrid errours, and unnatural ills
Our horrid and unnatural war produces!
Poor wretch, didst thou want tears I cou'd supply thee.

Enter a Father bearing his Son.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me;
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold,
For I have bought it with a hundred blows.
Ha! let me see, is this my Enemy?
Ah no, my Son, I've kill'd my only Son.
Hen. Ah woe on woe, Heaven stop these bloudy mischiefs,
Though by the Death of me and all my Race.
Son. Oh I have ta'ne his life who gave me mine.

Fath. Oh! I've kill'd him for whom I wo'd have dyed.
Son. How will my Mother for my Fathers death
ake on with me?
Fath. How will my mourning Wife,
ccuse me of the slaughter of my Son?
Hen. How will my people charge all this on me?
Son. I'll bear thee hence and weep, but fight no more. [*Ex.*
Fath. I'll bear thee hence and weep; but kill no more,
xcept my self with sorrow. [*Ex.*
Hen. Oh! poor men!
lere is a King more woful than you all;
or you grieve for your selves, I for you all.
Oh you, who when you suffer by your Kings,
hink to mend all by War, and by Rebellion!
ee here, your sad mistakes! how dreadfully
ou scourge your selves! learn here the greatest Tyrant
Is to be chose before the least Rebellion.
And Oh you Kings, who let your people rule,
ill they have run themselves into confusion,
ee here your gentleness is greatest Tyranny!

Enter Prince, and Queen.

Pr. Fly, Father fly, all's lost, your Friends are fled.
Qu. The day is lost, and with the day, the Kingdom.
Hen. Where's *Clifford?*
Qu. I believe he's dead by this time,
met him bleeding with a hundred wounds.
le all the day rowl'd like a fiery meteor,
bout the field, and burnt up men like reeds;
ut now in lakes of blood his fire is quench'd.
ost you to *Scotland* with all haste you can;
will to *France*, to beg that Kings assistance. [*Ex. Qu. Pr.*
Hen. I go, but care not what becomes o' me. [*Ex.*

Enter Clifford *wounded.*

Cl. Here burns my Candle out, that lighted *Henry*
arwick, and all *Plantagenets* three Sons.
nd all King *Henry*'s malicious Planets
Vith much ado to day have kill'd one man.
lenry's Stars ruine me and my fall him,
ut his soft sway made way for his destruction:
h! *Henry*, hadst thou rul'd as Kings shou'd do,
r as thy Father, or his Father did,

These

These Summer flies had never sprung to sting thee,
Rebels you thrive, and may Rebellion thrive
That Rogues may cut your throats as you do ours.
The Ayr has got into my deadly wounds;
I am too faint to Fight or Fly; and Mercy,
I deserve none, and will have none from Rebels,
I scorn to live by them who deserve death.
Fate Guards the Scaffold, but she hates the Office,
And will e're long let Rebels have their own.
I'm going! All you of *Plantagenets* Race——
My comfort is in death: I kill'd your Father. [*Fall's*

Enter Edward, George, Richard, Warwick.

Ed. Now the great cause is come to its decision:
Are any Troops gone to pursue the Queen?
On her tame *Henry*'s fortune does depend
As the Seas ebb and flow does on the Moon.
War. Yes, I took care o' that.
Rich: My chief care was,
To hunt the bloudy *Clifford*, but I cou'd not
Find him among the living, or the dead.
War. I thought you set death's mark so deep upon him,
Death cou'd not miss him.
Geo. Fortune at us all
Play'd him to day, but when he was in danger,
Snatch'd him away again, as who shou'd say,
When I have lost this card my game is gone.
Cl. Oh!——(*Groans*)
Ed. What Soul is that, that takes her heavy leave?
See who it is, and be he Friend or Enemy
Use him with mercy.
Ric. No—'tis bloody *Clifford*.
Ed.
War. } *Clifford*?——
Geo.
Rich. He's dead! oh that he had but life,
And sense enough to see and hear, and know us!
That we might scoff him as he did our Father.
Ric. Damn him, he counterfeits to shun our taunts.
Clifford, you know me, ask me mercy, *Clifford*;
I am the Son of your dear Friend, *Plantagenet*,
I'll pity you, for you did pity *Rutland*.
Geo. No answer? prithee swear as thou wast wont.
War. He's dead I'm certain, if he does not swear.

Cl.

Cl. Damnation on you all——— [*Dyes*

Ed. He Curſes! he Curſes!

War. Then there is hopes of him.

Ed. 'Twas his laſt Prayer:
Off with his Head, and place it on the pinacle,
Where the bold bloudy Slave durſt place our Fathers.

War. Now let the Trumpets proclaim *Edward* King.

A Flouriſh of Trumpets.

Trum. Long live *Edward* the fourth, King of *England* and *France*,
And Lord of *Ireland*. (*a Shout.*)

War. Now march to *London*, Sir, I will to *France*,
About the Marriage you ſo much approved of
With the fair Lady *Bona* that Queens Siſter.

Ed. Oh! thou haſt made me much in love with her
And all Relations have encreaſ'd my Paſſion.

War. Sir, She's the faireſt Creature in the Woorld;
And in that Marriage you will not only
Have a fair bedfellow for your delight,
But that great King your friend for your ſecurity.

Ed. I cannot marry better; haſte away.

War. I'm glad of this, I have ſecur'd my Miſtreſs. [*Aſide.*
Some days ago (as you commanded me)
I did diſpatch an Envoy to King *Lewis*,
To make the offer, and he ſeem'd unwilling,
Not knowing what th' event of War wou'd be.
But now I with the Sword, that conquer'd *Henry*,
Will go my ſelf Embaſſador, and try,
If a *French* King dare's deny any thing
To an *Engliſh* conquering Sword.

Ed. Oh! thou haſt given me
A Crown, give me this Beauty, and thou art
A God to me, thy gifts are all divine.

Geo. My life too on his bounty does depend.

War. Is it in me to give you happineſs?

Geo. Yes, if a Father can beſtow a Daughter.

War. I ſhall be very proud, you will accept her.

Geo. I ſhall be very happy to attain her.

War. She ſhall be yours, if the King give conſent.

Ed. My Brother cou'd not have oblig'd me more
Than in this choice.

War. Then ſhe's at his devotion.

Geo. Then I'm a happy man.

Ed. The Earl of *Warwick*

Is the good Angel of our Family.

Ric. Of what ſtrange ſtuff ſo different from my Brothers
Am I made? they are all-over love;
I have appetite, but not one grain of Love.

Ed. Thou art not of a mould for love to grow in;
Men plant not flowers in a Kitchen garden.
Well, Brother, I create you Duke of *Clarence*.
You, Brother *Richard*, I make Duke of *Glouceſter*.

Ric. I do not like the Title, it is om inous.

Ed. A fooliſh obſervation!——

War. Royal Sir,
I'll take my leave.——

Ed. Succeſs attend thy Embaſſy. [*Ex.*

Geo. I'll take my leave.

Ed. Succeſs attend your love—— [*Ex.*

Scene a Chamber.

Enter Lady Grey, *and her Woman.*

La. Gr. King *Henry* beaten? poor unfortunate King!
I and my Children are all ruin'd with him;
The conquerors will ſeize my Husbands lands.

War. Madam, the greateſt Conquerour is your Friend,
The Earl of *Warwick*, he'll preſerve your Fortune,
Yes, and advance 'em, if you'l give him leave.

La. Gr. Name not that inſolent great man, I hate him.

Enter a Page.

Pa, Madam, the Earl of *Warwick*'s coming up.

La. Gr. He coming up? how knows he I am here?

Pa. His Servants learnt it accidentally.

Enter Earl of Warwick.

War. So near fair Widow, and my beating pulſes,
And quivering fleſh give me no notice of it?
For the kind needle never fails to tremble
When it approaches it's beloved Pole.
What have you paid formality her wages,
And turn'd off that old Governeſs of Women?
Have you yet dryed your eyes, and drawn your Curtains?
Is the Son good enough to be admitted o you?
If ſo I hope his humble kindred may,
For I am near a-kin to him in heat.

In

In short you shall be mine, if I can give
Others a Crown, I'll give my self a wife.
La. Gr. If you were serious, as I think you are not,
You give me a brave occasion to revenge
My Husbands blood and your affronts to me,
By making you unhappy in a Wife.
War. Were you the first of Widows that talk'd thus,
I must confess I think 'twou'd damp my courage,
But when this is the constant language spoke
In the dark shady Land of Vailes and mourning,
Shou'd I be scar'd, I were as rank a fool
As the dull Heroe that shou'd leave a pleasant
Country he conquer'd, 'cause the people speak
A strange odd Language; you are a conquer'd Province
And you may keep your Language and your Customs;
But I will have the Government and Tribute.
La. Gr. My Lord, I have affairs of greater consequence
Then this fond talk, and so your humble Servant.
War So have not I, and therefore you shall stay.
La. Gr. What do you mean my Lord?
War. I mean, my Lady,
To marry you this day, enjoy you this night.
La. Gr. My Lord, I tell you plainly I do not love you.
War. All's one, I tell you plainly I will have you.
I know you are a woman of great virtue,
And time will file away these rugged humours.
But if it do not, though your soul be rough,
Your body will be smooth, your Cheeks be soft,
Your eyes be sparkling, and your lips be tempting:
And more perhaps might make me mad with love.
Ho! call a Parson!
La. Gr. Now my Lord?
War. Ay! now.
La. Gr. What, and my Husband dyed so very lately?
War. What then? what has the dead to do with us?
La. Gr. I'll rather go a begging with my Children.
War. Come leave this fooling!—by this kiss you shall.
La. Gr. I'll dye e're suffer all this barb'rous rudeness.
War. Well thou art a most beauteous Creature,
I'm going now Embassadour for *France*,
I'll let thee keep thy humour one month more;
But then at my return be sure I find thee
Divorc'd from sorrow and the dead for ever;
Give not one sigh or to the dead or living.
Sigh thou for any Man alive but me

And

And though a King he had better be a ſlave,
Sigh for the dead, I'll tear him from his Grave.—— [*Ex.*

La. Gr. What ſhall I do? for I abhor this man.
What comes into my thoughts? is it not ſaid
King *Edward* (for we now muſt call him ſo)
Lodges to night at his own Neighb'ring Caſtle?

Wom. Yes, Madam.

La. Gr. I'm inform'd he is a Prince
Of a moſt noble Nature; I'm reſolv'd
To fling my ſelf in ſorrow at his Feet,
And beg him to have pity on my Children,
What e're their Father was, they are not his Enemies;
And if I can obtain their Father's Lands,
Then I ſhall 'ſcape this man, I ſo much hate. [*Ex.*

Scene a Room of State.

Enter Edward, Richard, *Guards.*

Ed. The Scituation of this Caſtle pleaſes me.

Rich. But, Sir, not me, for I'm afraid it ſtands
Too near a Beauty that once ſtopt your way,
And I'm afraid will do it once again.

Ed. Women are moving Creatures, and may follow us.

Rich. Pardon my confidence, I love to ſerve
My Friends as boldly as I fight my Enemies.

Ed. You ſay well, Brother, and I'll promiſe you,
Nothing ſhall ſtay me here, beyond this night.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. A Lady, Sir, deſires to kiſs your hands.

Ric. A Lady? Pox o' Ladies; he is tinder
To every Lady, and will catch new fire.

Enter Lady Grey, *and her Women: She kneels, kiſſes King* Edward's *hand, he raiſes her, and Salutes her.*

Rich. A very lovely woman! he is ruin'd!

Ed. I ne're had Eyes, or my eyes ne're ſaw beauty,
Till this amazing minute.

Ric. So! he's gone:
Any one may have *London* now that will.

La. Gr. Sir, I preſent you humbly the petition
[*Kneels again, and the King gazes.*
Of a poor Widow, and her little Orphans:

am the Widow of one Sir *John Grey*,
Vho in S. *Alban*'s Battel loſt his life,
the defence of him we thought our King.
my poor Husband's Loyalty did err,
e dearly for that fatal error paid.
ly humble prayer is, that my poor Orphans
lay not be puniſh'd for their Fathers Faults,
erring Loyalty can be a fault.

Ed. I am ſo rapt, I mind not what ſhe ſay;
or that ſhe is all this while upon her knees:
ray, Madam, riſe, ——leave us——. [*To the Attendants.*

Ric. So ſhe (I find)
Muſt grant a thing, before her thing be granted. *Ex.*

Ed. Had you a Husband, Madam, did you ſay?

La. Gr. Yes, Sir, I had one at S. *Alban*'s Battel;
His Name was Sir *John Grey*.

Ed. Oh happy man!
What excellence had he above mankind,
That he ſhou'd be more bleſt than all mankind?
And have you Children?

La. Gr. Many poor young Orphans.

Ed. Oh! wondrous happy man t' enjoy this Woman!
muſt inquire about her, I was never, (*Aſide.*)
Never ſo charm'd before. My Lord, come hither,
ray do you know this Lady?

Lord. Yes, Sir, well.
he is the Widow of Sir *John Grey* of *Grooby*,
man of Quality, and great Eſtate.
ut a moſt vehement *Lancaſtrian*.

Ed. No matter: of what Family is ſhe?

Lord. Her quality does far exceed her Husbands;
nd yet her Virtue does exceed her quality.
he is the Daughter of Sir *Richard Woodvile*,
er Mother was ſometimes Dutcheſſe of *Bedford*.

Ed. Dutcheſſe of *Bedford*? Ha!

Lord. Dutcheſſe of *Bedford*.
nd Daughter of the Earl of S. *Pool*.

Ed. Of noble birth, and by her Mothers ſide
elated to the houſe of *Lancaſter*.

Lord. She is by Marriage, Sir; that was the cauſe
hat Sir *John Grey* was ſuch a fierce *Lancaſtrian*.

Ed. She has Beauty, ſhe has Virtue, ſhe has Birth: (*Aſide*)
Vhy may not this fair Lady be a Queen?
ut ſhe's a Subject, *England* will not like it.
nd th' *Engliſh* Nation, like the Sea it governs,

Is bold and turbulent, and easily mov'd,
And always beats against the shore, that bounds it.
What? is the people free, and not the King?
Not free where every Slave is free, his bed?
Yes, so it is, it seems, and *English* fury
Will easily with any wind be rais'd,
To dash the Palaces, and Beds of Kings.
Come what come will, this Lady shall be mine.
She shall be, or my Mistress, or my Wife.
What was it, Madam, you desir'd o' me?
La. Gr. To give poor Orphans, Sir, their Father's Lands.
Ed. Heaven forbid I shou'd retain 'em from 'em!
La. Gr. Then, Sir, with humble thanks I take my leave.
Ed. Hold, Madam, for I must have one word more,
I must impose a Tax upon this Land.
La. Gr. It shall be thankfully, and gladly paid.
Ed. It will I'm sure more gladly be receiv'd.
It is an easie Tax, no more but Love.
La. Gr. No Loyal Subjects, Sir, but love their King.
Ed. But this is love, that none but you can grant.
La. Gr. I do not understand your meaning, Sir.
Ed. Truly, I scarcely understand my self,
For I have gaz'd my self out of my Reason.
La. Gr. With your permission, Sir, I'll take my leave.
Ed. Oh! you shall never, never part from me.
La. Gr. What do you mean, Sir?
Ed. I mean all the Love,
E're was or can be in the heart of man.
La. Gr. Love, Sir?
Ed. Ay Love.
La. Gr. I dare not understand you,
Because I dare not think ill of my Prince.
Ed. Can there be ill in Love? there will be all
The happiness to me, glory to you,
Your heart and mine can possibly desire.
Why do you tremble, and draw back your hand?
You must not, shall not stir till you have granted,
What all this languishing, and pressing means.
La. Gr. Oh! I shall swoon! wou'd I had ne're come here!
Sir, I thus low most humbly beg of you,
Let it suffice your conquering armes have seiz'd
My Husbands life, your laws have seiz'd his Lands,
Seek not to take my honour, and my Vertue.
I never fought against you, ne're oppos'd you.
Ed. I wrong her beauty, it deserves a Crown,

ry look claims a Kingdom as it's due;
ll, who gain'd my right, shou'd not wrong others.
lam, I mean nothing but honour to you,
resolv'd to make you Queen of *England*.
a. Gr. Now, Sir, you mean dishonour to your self.
as much unworthy to be Queen,
'm above serving an ill design.
d. Rather the crown's unworthy of your Beauty.
La. Gr. It is impossible, you shou'd descend
sueh mean thoughts.
Ed. It is impossible,
ou'd have happiness without your Love.
d rather with your Love be your dead Husband,
an with your hatred be a living King.
La. Gr. I lately wish'd I never had come here
my own sake, I wish it now for yours:
! think Sir, what will all your Subjects say?
Ed. They'l say, I am in Love.
La. Gr. But will they not
much displeas'd, their Prince shou'd love so low?
Ed. I give them leave to chuse where they like best;
hy shou'd I be the only man impos'd on?
La. Gr. But I'm a Widow, and have many Children.
Ed. And I have Children too, though I'm a Batchelour;
we are tryed, and shall be sure of Heirs.
a. Gr. But you have sent to Court a foreign Princesse,
y bring your Kingdom great advantages.
Ed. Then let my Kingdom go and marry her.
La. Gr. Consider, you may enrage the Earl of *Warwick*.
Ed. He is my Friend, and Servant, not my Guardian.
La. Gr. But, Sir, they say you are promis'd to another.
Ed. When I'm a priest I will do penance for it.
La. Gr. I am afraid you'l lose your Subjects love.
Ed. Why shou'd I lose their love, by loving Subjects?
a. Gr. But you have many Subjects of more Beauty.
Ed. My Subjects if they please may marry 'em.
ve them freedom, and I'll take my own,
ake it too this minute.
a. Gr. At first sight?
'l think me, Sir, immodest, shou'd I grant.
d. A King is above forms; I'll have it so.
n come away.
a. Gr. What in this Mourning habit?
d. I marry not your habit, but your self.
a. Gr. The world will much condemn you, Sir.

Ed.

Ed. I care not,
I had rather live a minute in your Armes,
Than many ages in the praiſe of Fools.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Moſt happy tydings, Sir! *Henry* your Enemy,
Wandring alone, diſguis'd in homely habit,
Was taken by the Keepers of the Forreſt,
As he was reading in ſhady Covert.
Ed. Good news indeed! where is he? bring him to me.

Enter King Henry *in a poor habit, brought in by a Couple of Forreſters.*

Why how now *Henry?* in this humble dreſs?
Hen. Inſult not, *Edward*, over my misfortunes,
But from this garb, in which thou ſcarce canſt know me,
Learn thou to know thy ſelf; for in my fall
Heaven humbles every King as well as me.
Ed. Henry, I pity thee, thou doſt not ſuffer
For thy own Crimes, but thoſe of thy uſurping
And trayterous Anceſtours. To *London* with him.
And keep him a cloſe Priſoner in the Tower.
But let him there command all things but Liberty. [*Ex.* Hen. *with a guard.*
How all my happineſſes flow together:
A Crown upon my Head, my chiefeſt Enemy
Under my Feet, and Beauty in my Armes. [*Ex.*

Enter Richard.

Ric. What's this? a Chaplain call'd for? he is mad——
He'll marry her, and marry at firſt ſight.
Marry a Subject, nay, and a mean Subject,
Nay, the poor wretched leavings of a Subject,
A Widow, and the Widow of a Knight!
I fear this Marriage will enrage the Kingdom,
But I fear more the furious *Warwick*'s Rage,
Whoſe haughty temper will not bear the affront
Of being ſent on a mock-Embaſſy.
Now, though I'd have him fight him, have him kill him,
Kill both my Brothers, if he'd ſet up me:
But that he cannot do, for he muſt fight
In *Henry*'s Name, and ſo muſt ſet up *Henry*.
He's not far from hence, I'll after him,

And

And for my own ſake I will pacify him;
And let the King mean while finiſh his marriage.
For I wou'd have him finiſh it, becauſe
I'm told he has another Wife, if ſo,
The Children of this Marriage muſt be Baſtards,
Then when I've kill'd *Henry*, and his Son,
And by ſome Arts deſtroy'd my Brother *Clarence*,
The King once dead, I'll Baſtardize his Children;
Then am I King, but ſome will ſay by Villany:
That's Villany, that by it's ill ſucceſs
Betray's a man and into ruin throws;
When once it gains a Crown, it vertue grows. [*Ex.*

The Scene a Chapel

Edward, *and Lady* Grey, *A Prieſt, Attendants. The ſolemnity ended.*

Enter Lady Elianor Butler.

La. El. Ha! is it ſo? and can the news be true?
It cannot be, I'll not believe my Eyes,
I'll know the truth ——King *Edward.*
Ed. Lady *Elianor*?——
La. El. My heart's ſo full I cannot ſpeak to him.
Ha! is he ſhunning me? Nay, then he's guilty.
What is the cauſe, King *Edward*, you wou'd ſhun me?
Am I ſo ſtrangely chang'd ſince I laſt ſaw you,
You cannot bear my ſight?
Ed. No ſurely, Madam,
You are not alter'd for the worſe, I'm certain,
And for the better 'tis impoſſible.
La. El. Oh! Sir, your paſſion's dead, and you are weaving
Garlands of fine expreſſions for it's Funeral.
If my ſmall beauty were extreamly improv'd,
I were a horrid ſight to thee; an Angel
Is a moſt dreadful Viſion to a ſinner.
La. Gr. Who is this?
Ed. One your beauty Triumphs over.
La. El. Come to the Bar, and anſwer me, great ſinner,
What doſt thou with this wretched Woman here?
How far haſt thou undone thy Soul and her?
I'm told, thou haſt ſinn'd with her even to Marriage.
Thou durſt not do it ſure!—ſay, is it true?
Ed. Madam, I muſt confeſs, 'tis very true.
La. El. How? is it true?
Ed. Yes, Madam, it is true.

La. El.

La.El. What after all the Oaths thou haſt ſworn to me?
Ed. Beauties, like palaces, have ſeveral ways
Of acceſs to 'em; I believ'd thoſe Oaths
A form of ſpeaking, which did pleaſe you beſt.
What form o' damning in do you expect?
The loweſt place in Hell?
Ed. Rather a place
Among the Saints of the Old Teſtament.
La.El. Yes, Jewiſh Saints; but pray, will Chriſtian Saintſhip
Admit ſuch things?
Ed. Oh! yes! I, when I pleaſe,
Can have a diſpenſation from his Holineſs.
La El. What then his Holineſs will be your pardon?
A very excellent office for a Pope!
To be the Univerſal Bawd of Chriſtendom!
A very excellent Shepherd, that will give
His ſheep a diſpenſation to be rotten!
Ed. Well, you ſhall be my fair Confeſſor then,
I'll own my ſins to you, and ask your pardon.
La. El. And doſt thou hope to have it?
Ed. I will give you
Any other ſatisfaction.
La. El. What? thy blood?
Do, kill thy ſelf I ſwear I'll pardon thee.
Ed. I wou'd do much for that; but I wou'd live
A little while to mend and to repent.
La.El. Would'ſt thou repent? oh! I will pray thou mayſt.
Oh may heaven laſh thee with ſo many plagues,
May fill thee, and ſurround thee with repentance!
I will not curſe this moſt unhappy VVoman;
For ſhe alas! is curſt enough in thee.
Poor VVoman, he has gull'd thee horridly,
For he has only pick'd the name of wife
Out of my Marriage ſheet's, to hide thy ſhame with.
As for his love in which thou think'ſt thee happy,
'Tis like a Green-land-Summer, ſhort and hot,
And whilſt it laſts 'tis day, all ſmiling day,
But ſoon he goes to viſit other provinces,
But oh! he never like the Sun returns.
Farewel, poor wretch, pitied not envied by me,
Thou think'ſt we part with very different fortunes,
I go to ſorrow, and thou ſtay'ſt with joy;
Alas! I leave thee but in a fools paradiſe,
And very ſhortly we ſhall meet in Bedlam.

La. Gr. Oh, Sir, I like not this! this is an ill
Beginning o' this day.
Ed. VVhy ſo, my Love?
That's well begun, that is begun with ſacrifice,
She is thy ſacrifice.

A Cry within, Arm, Arm. Treaſon, VVarwick! VVarwick!

Then Enter Warwick *and his Souldiers, and ſeize* Edward, *and Lady* Grey.

Ed. Why how now *Warwick?* What doſt mean by this?
War. What mean'ſt thou Duke to put this ſcorn upon me?
Ed. Duke! when we parted thou didſt call me King.
War. Then I diſgrac'd the Title, and I gave it
To one, who merit's not the name of Friend.
Were I a King, I'd hang that common Fellow,
That ſhou'd abuſe a Friend, as thou haſt me,
And ſuch a friend as I have been to thee.
Ed. Thou doſt abuſe thy ſelf, in talking thus.
War. Then it is no abuſe to me, to make me
The ſcorn of every *French* Page, and waiting Woman.
The Marriage is agreed on, nothing wanting
To compleat all, but my arrival there,
And all my Equipage and Train are gone.
Now, when inſtead of me, this news arrives,
I ſhall have all my Servants hiſt from *France,*
My ſelf be made a Common publick jeſt,
I ſhall be call'd the great Ambaſſador,
That goe's with ſplendour to negotiate nothing.
But my Embaſſage is but like my conqueſt,
For I have fought for thee, that is, for nothing.
I've ſtole the Royal Robes to adorn nothing,
And help it to another nothing—— Woman.
La. Gr. I'll tell you, Sir, whence all this fury ſpring's;
This haughty Lord, who thinks his Sword has given
Chains to our Sex, as well as to the men,
Did ſtrive to drag me to his marriage bed.
And uſing many threats, I out of fear,
Made ſome faint yieldings, but he finding now
I'm plac'd above his reach, his burning envy
Seek's to deſtroy what he cannot attain;
Then calls his fury his revenge of honour.
Ed. Is that the myſtery indeed?
War. Yes, Duke;

Thou

Thou with a Crown haſt bought a Widow from me;
And bought her with the Kingdom which I gave thee.
Ed. Com'ſt thou to ruin me for love of beauty,
And thou thy ſelf rebel for love of it?
War. I come to puniſh thy ingratitude.
Ed. I did not know thy Love, but ſay I did,
If I commit a fault to take a Woman,
To whom thou haſt no right, then what doſt thou,
Who plunder'ſt thy Kings Right, thy Countreys peace?
War. Thy glory's mine, my Sword created it.
My Crime is thine, thy wrongs to me created it.
Ed. I'm a great Criminal to wrong a Subject,
Thou none, to ruin both the King and Kingdom.
Thus men, like Bears, devour the young of others;
But ſtrive to lick their own fowl Cubs to ſhape.
War. I do no wrong in ruining you all,
I but reſtore to every thing it's own.
I to the Kingdom ſhall reſtore the damn'd
Confuſion, which my Sword took away from it.
I ſhall reſtore this Woman to her tears.
I found her weeping over her dead Husband:
I'll leave her weeping over thy dead fortunes.
I will reſtore thee, and all thy Family
To the ſubjection from which I advanc'd it.
Thy fortunes to their proper ſtate I'll bring,
Beauty ſhallbe thy plague, thy foe thy King. [*Ex.*

ACT. V.

Scene London.

Enter King Henry *in a rich Robe, under a Canopy: The Queen and Prince followed by* Warwick, *and Guards, with their Swords drawn. Shouts, and Acclamations. They paſs over the Stage. The Scene changes to the Palace. Enter King* Henry, *Queen, Prince,* Warwick.

Qu. NOw, Sir, you are King again, this valiant Lord
Has left the horrid deſarts of Rebellion;
Where he, and all his glorious deeds were loſt,
And found the Road of Honour.
War. I confeſs,
Fortune did miſlead me, and I the Kingdom,

To give your Royal Rights to a falſe Prince,
Who has the Royal bloud, no Royal Vertues;
So has no right to Crowns thoſe vertues gain'd.
Hen. I give you thanks, my Lord, for your great gifts;
Life, Freedom, and a Crown; I call 'em gifts,
'Cauſe you can take 'em from me, or let me keep 'em.
To Life, and Freedom, I have a clear Title;
Becauſe I ne're did any ill, to forfeit 'em.
But oh! I am afraid to wear the Crown
For fear I ſhare the murder that procur'd it.
Qu. Oh! Spiritleſs Prince! born for a Chain, a Priſon:
What if your Grandfather murder'd his King?
Muſt you take Phyſick for his ſickneſſes?
Nay, muſt you dye? for a Kings Crown and Life
Go both together; So King *Richard* found it.
Pr. Sir, all our lives wholly depend on yours.
And for one fault of my dead Grandfather,
Which he perhaps repented, will you puniſh
Thouſands? You will ſin to loſe a Crown,
More than my Grandfather did do to gain one.
Qu. If you will doom your ſelf to be depos'd,
Becauſe the Crown was gotten by ill means;
By the ſame law
You may hang half your Kingdom:
If men by inheriting their Fathers Fortunes,
Inherit the Crimes, by which their Fathers gain'd 'em,
Where is the Nation wou'd not deſerve hanging?
War. Sir, talk no more; you are, and ſhall be King.
All power is from Heav'n, Earth, or Hell.
Heav'n ſend's you his conſent in my ſucceſs,
The People ſend you all their votes in me;
Hen. My Lord, I have a Conſcience I'll not part with
For this and many Kingdoms; but you tell me,
That Royal Virtue firſt gave royal Power;
Now I have Royal Virtue, *Edward* none;
And therefore I muſt Reign, and he be ruin'd.
Oh! my Lord, this is a confounding principle.
If Kings may loſe their Rights for want of Virtue,
And Subjects are the Judges of that Virtue;
Then Kings are Subjects, and all Subjects Kings:
And by that Law that Subjects may deſtroy
Their Kings for want of Virtue, other Subjects
May think thoſe Subjects Rogues, and cut their throats.
Thus *Babel* might be builded, but no Kingdom.

Pr. Sir, if you be no King, we are all Rebels,
And ought to dye.
War. And you shall reign or dye;
If you refuse the Crown, I'll carry it back;
And with it both your heads, to ransom mine.
I'll quench your lives, as Mariners wou'd do
False lights, that lead their Vessels to destruction.
Qu. Why do you pause, Sir, will you rather dye,
And let your Son dye too, e're be a King?
Hen. Powerful Nature is too hard for me.
Will it not cost more bloud, if I shou'd Reign?
War. The VVar is at an end, *Edward*'s my Prisoner;
Not only doom'd by Heaven unfit to Reign;
But by his flesh and bloud, his Brother *Clarence*,
VVho has revolted from him, and brought all
His Troops to mine, and to create between us
A lasting league, marries my youngest Daughter.
Pr. And I have given my heart, Sir, to her sister.
Oh! do not make me wretched every way.
Hen. Oh! Nature conquer's me!
Qu. Oh! happy conqnest.
Pr. Upon my knees, Sir, I return you thanks.

Enter George.

War. See, here come's he, who gallantly to serve
His King and Country will forsake his Brother.
Geo. I thought my blood derived a Crown to us,
But now I find it derives only Treason,
To clear the taint, I come to set it boyling
Over a flaming zeal for the Kings service.
War. VVhat think you now, Sir? do you judge your title
Good, when your very Enemies proclaim it?
Hen. I find it's Heav'ns will, that I shou'd Reign.
My noble Friends, let me embrace you both.
My Lord of *Warwick* you are fortunate,
I must beg you to rule, for I'm afraid,
My thwarting Stars will blast this blessed Land.
War. Your Majesty is wise, to foresee evils,
And good, that you wou'd save your people from 'em.
Here stands a Prince most worthy of command.
Geo. The world has not more worth, than th' Earl of *Warwick*.
Hen. Give me your hands, I joyn you both together.
I make you both Protectors of the Kingdom,
Rule you, while I wait only on devotion.

Qu. So, now, my Son, thy inheritance is safe.
Pr. May I be happy in my Mistress too?
Qu. Yes, if the King consent.
Hen. With all my heart.
War. The Marriages shall then be both this minute.
Hen. With whom is *Edward* trusted?
War. With my Brother,
The Arch-bishop of *York*.
Geo. I'm told he gives him liberty
To hunt; and let's him go out slender guarded.
War. I will have that reform'd; in the mean while,
We openly will proclaim *Edward* a Traytour,
And seize his Lands.
Geo. Let's guard this City well;
He has friends here, chiefly among the Women;
And they rule men.

Scene London. *Enter* Edward, Richard, *disguis'd.*

Ed. Usurping *Henry*, and false changing *Warwick*
Little think certain ruin is so near 'em.
Ric. I cannot tell what absolution
The Priest of *York* may give his Brother *Warwick*,
For all his horrid perjury's and Treason's,
Warwick will give him none for your escape.
Ed. I shou'd be sorry if mine host, th' Arch-bishop,
For all his civil entertainment of me,
Shou'd have his reck'ning paid him with an Ax.
Ric. So shou'd I too, for if instead of giving you
The publick Freedom, which you had to hunt;
He had confin'd you to *Domitians* chace,
Only to hunt flyes in a bedchamber,
You had not now been here to hunt his Brother.
Well, Sir, Go you to all your City Friends,
I'll to the Court; I have intelligence,
How I may easily surprize your Enemies,
If it be feazible, I'll venture on it.——— [*Ex*

The Scene a Chapel.

Prince, George, *their Brides, and a Priest at the Altar*; *near 'em* King Henry, *Queen*, Warwick, *Guards*, *Attendants.*

A Shout; *Enter an Officer.*

Off. Arm! Arm! Arm! Lord *Edward*'s in the City. *War.*

War. Thou art mad.
Off. I wish I were. I say, Lord *Edward*
Is in the City.
War. In the Womens hearts?
Off. No, in the head of Troops of men and Women.
There's nothing that can get a Pike or Spit,
But cry they'l live and dye by brave King *Edward.*
Richard is with him; they are all marching hither.
War. Oh! good Arch-bishop,
You are a faithful Brother,
We are very wise to trust our souls with priests,
When their own Brothers cannot trust their heads with'em:
I know this Trayt'rous Priest has sold my head
To *Edward*, for th' Archbishoprick of *Canterbury.*
Hen. Do not too rashly censure an Archbishop.
Edward might 'scape by wiles.
War. How? cheat a Priest?
Then he deserves the Kingdom for his cunning.
Do you think it is easie to cheat priests,
Who by the help, but of some barbarous words;
As, *Entity*, *Unity*, *Verity*, *Bonity*,
Quiddity, *Quantity*, *Quality*, *Causality*,
Have conjur'd all you Kings out of their Kingdoms?
And *Edward* cheat a Priest,
Who let a VVidow cheat him of his Kingdom?
Oh! but you'll say, a VVoman cheated *Adam.*
But Priests cheat women, cheat 'em too of things
Dear to 'em as their lives, their bawdy secrets.
They make S. *Peter*'s Keys
Open all *Italian* locks ——enough of prating.
I'll go beat *Edward*, and then hang my Brother.
My Lord,
Draw up your Troops; you, Sir, stay here: [*To K.* Hen.
You are unfortunate,
I do not care,
To have your curs'd Stars among my men. [*Ex.*
Qu. I'll follow, and do you, Son, leave your Bride,
And go with us, for I'm resolv'd to see thee
Heir to the Crown, or dying at my Feet. [*Ex.*
Pr. Fear nothing, Love, I shall return victorious
Your Royal blessing! —— [*Kneels to the King.*
Hen. VVhat sad divining thoughts are these within me?
Pr. Oh Sir, why do you weep?
Hen. For thee, my Son.

I'm

I'm bound in duty to thy ſoul to tell thee,
Something from Heaven ſuggeſts our deaths are near.
Thou firſt muſt dye, I muſt behold the loſs
Of all that's dear to me, and then muſt dye.
Pr. Oh Sir! ——
Hen. 'Tis ſo! we never in this world
Muſt meet again.
Pr. Oh how ſhall I be able
To fight, when e're I ſee the enemy,
My King and Father wounds me to the heart?
See, my Love's weeping too, I'm ſhot o' both ſides;
And in my heart the deadly Arrows meet:
I'll rather run among the Enemies Swords,
Than here be kill'd with ſorrow by my Friends. [*Ex.*
Geo. So, now will I go joyn my Brother *Edward*: (*Aſide.*)
I am ſecure of *Warwick*'s beautious daughter.
Now let the Devil take *Warwick* and his Treaſon,
He made me take that braſs Coin with his Daughter;
But I will pay him the damn'd portion back again.
He made me ſwear he'll ſay, but war's a game,
And ſo is Love, and Gameſters Oaths are nothing.
My Brothers Souldiers are got in the palace, [*An Alarm.*
They ſeek their Enemies, but ſhall find Friends. [*Ex.*

An Alarm.

Enter Richard, George, *Souldiers, and ſeize* Henry *and the Women.*

Ric. How now! thou Traytour! thou unnatural Traytor!
Geo. Thou wrong'ſt me, I am as Loyal as thy ſelf.
What I have done, was only in deſign
To gain this beauty, and now ſhe is mine
My Loyalty is mine.
Ric. Can this be true?
Geo. Thou ſaw'ſt it true, thou ſaw'ſt I fought for thee.
Ric. Thou didſt; but I believ'd it was thy Cowardize,
That made thee now betray thy Friend, as luſt
Made thee betray thy Brother.
Geo. It is falſe.
And if I don't appear to day in Battel,
As valiant, and as Loyal as thy ſelf,
I'll kill my ſelf.
Ric. Do that, and I'll embrace thee.
But let's away: our Royal Brother wants us.— [*Ex.*

The

The Scene the Field.

Enter VVarwick, *Queen, Prince, guards.*

Qu. Oh! curſed Traytour! why wou'd you e're truſt
One that was always falſe?
War. I was bewitch'd,
To truſt a man, who had betray'd his Brother.
Pr. My Fathers words now ſink into my breaſt;
He ſaid at parting, we ſhou'd never meet
On Earth again.
War. VVell if the Villains murder him,
I will revenge his bloud, and make you King.
VVhen e're I went to work to make a King,
I ne're yet fail'd, whatever ſtuff I had;
But hark the Traytors come! let us fall on. [*Ex. Trumpets.*

An Alarm.

Enter Edward, *Enter Lady* Elianor *in mans habit.*

La. El. Turn this way, *Edward*; here's an Enemy,
Thirſts for thy bloud.
[*La. El. and* Ed. *Fight, La.* El. *falls.*
Ed. VVhat bold young man is this?
Thou art diſpatch'd, I wonder who thou art.
La. El. Look on me well—ſee if thou doſt not know me.
Ed. May I believe my eyes!
La. El. Thou may'ſt, King *Edward*,
They ſpeak more truth, than e're thou didſt to me.
Ed. Oh! killing ſight!
La. El. VVou'd thou hadſt never ſeen me,
The cold Earth had not been my Death-bed then,
Nor had I needed (as I do) two graves,
One for my ſelf, the other for my name.
Ed. Oh Heaven!
How have I wrong'd this beautious Creature!
Firſt robb'd her of her Fame, now of her Life!
La. El. Ah! Monarch, do I merit this for Love?
Ed. Oh no, but I deſerve a thouſand plagues;
And I have here with my own hand broke open
A fair *Pandora*'s box to let 'em out,
To fly about my head.
La. El. Indeed, King *Edward*,
My injuries have already found thee out, Have

Have driven thee from thy throne, how far will drive thee,
I cannot tell, I will not curſe thee now:
Curſing is not a language ſpoke in Heaven,
And I am very near that glorious Kingdom,
Therefore I'll ſpeak the language that is bleſſing.
May this be the laſt day of all thy Troubles!
And I be the laſt woman thou ſhalt wrong!
May Heaven forgive thy broken Vows, as I do,
And quicklier forget 'em all than thou didſt!
And this one poor requeſt I beg of thee:
Since I was all the ſtaine of my great Family,
And I have made thy ſelf, who wert the cauſe of it,
With thy own Sword, cut out the ruined piece,
Oh hide it, where it may no more be ſeen,
But be forgot by all, as 'twill by thee! [*Dyes.*

Ed. She's gone! She's gone!
Oh! thou ſweet injur'd beauty,
I never ſhall forget thee whilſt I live,
Thy wrongs I fear will haunt my mind and fortune,
In this ſweet ſpot of Earth I fear I've planted
Much miſchief for my ſelf; I gather'd all
The Sweets, and now Thorns will ſpring up to tear me.

Enter an Officer.

Offi. Oh Sir, the Earl of *Warwick* ranges o're
The Field, with ſo much fury, and ſucceſs
Your Troops are juſt upon the point of flying.
Ed. My puniſhment ſo ſoon purſue my Crime!
This beauties wrongs ſteel that proud Rebels Sword,
And give it all the keenneſs that it has.
Oh Heav'n hide thy eyes from this ſweet Creature,
At leaſt for this one hour; and here I vow,
I will give o're robbing ſuch ſpicy Iſles,
And take an honeſt dwelling at my own,
Leſt ſailing to a fro a Tempeſt fall,
That ſhall revenge the injuries of 'em all. [*Ex.*

Enter Edward *and* VVarwick *Fighting*, VVar. *falls.*

Ed. Now I am King of *England*, and I owe,
My Crown to my own Sword, and not to thine.
War. Inſult not, *Edward*. for I am not kill'd
By thee, but *Henries* curſed Deſtiny.
I'm cruſh'd under the wheels of his damn'd fortune,

I am ground all to pieces by his Stars.
My fortune ſickned when I firſt came under 'em;
Truth is, my Spirit led her ſuch a dance,
She cou'd not keep me company, but tyr'd,
Now ſit's her down, and like a poor caſt Whore,
Is glad to be pick'd up by any body.
Now thou maiſt baniſh fear, for I am dying;
Who, when I liv'd, cou'd frown thee into a Subject,
Bury thee in the wrinckle of my brow.
Ed. Talk not of burying Kings, but rather think
Of burying all thy Crimes in penitence.
War. My greateſt Crime is, that I e're ſerv'd thee,
Whoſe baſe ingratitude has ruin'd me;
I gave thee Kingdoms, and thou giv'ſt me death. [*Dyes.*
Ed. I ne're wrong'd thee, nor didſt thou e're ſerve me,
Thou haſt been wrong'd by nothing, but my ignorance,
And haſt ſerv'd nothing, but thy vanity;
And nothing elſe I fear will e're reward thee.

Enter George, Richard, *and Guards.*

Geo. Now, Sir, I hope you will forgive my errours
For Beauties ſake, for Beauty drew me in,
And you have felt the mighty power of Beauty.
Ed. Brother, your errours are all buried under
Heaps of my Enemies, you have kill'd to day.
I have diſpatch'd my greateſt Enemy;
Warwick will make, and unmake no more Kings.
Ric. And the bold Amazon Queen, and inſolent Boy,
Her fierce Son *Edward*, are both taken Priſoners.
I've order'd, Sir, they ſhall attend you here.
And here they are.

Enter Queen, Prince, Guarded as Priſoners.

Ed. So, Madam!—and young *Edward*,
What ſatisfaction will you make to me,
For all the Miſchief you have done my Kingdom,
And all the Trouble you have given me?
Pr. What ſatisfaction wilt thou make my Father,
Me, and the Kingdom, for thy bold uſurping
My Fathers Crown, and my inheritance,
Ruining us, and ſlaughtering our people?
Qu. Oh! that thy Father had been ſo reſolv'd!

Ric. That so your Distaff might have been our Scepter.
Pr. Why, how now Æsop? Nay, mistake me not,
Æsop I mean in Body not in mind.
Ric. Brat!——I will crush thy brains out.
Ed. Hold, forbear——
He is a Boy.
Ric. Why, then to School with him,
To learn him manners.
Pr. If I learn thy manners,
The Devil must be my Tutour.
Ed. Hold your peace,
You foolish Child.
Geo. The Boy's too malapert.
Pr. The man is too perjur'd, I mean perjur'd *George*,
And you are all Traytors to me your Prince.
Ed. How now, proud Boy? take that.
[*Strikes him with his hand.*
Ric. Nay, then take that——
Geo. And that for twitting me with Perjury.
[Rich. *and* Geo. *draw, and kill him.*
Qu. Oh! they have kill'd my Son — oh murderers!
Oh! kill me too.
Ric. Marry with all my heart!
[*The Qu. swoons upon the Prince.*
Ed. Hold, Brother, we have done too much already.
Why wou'd you cruelly kill the poor Boy?
I struck him in my Choler, but I meant him
No farther harm.
Ric. Who con'd forbear?——besides,
Shou'd we have let him live to cut our Throats?
Geo. What wou'd have grown up with him but Rebelion?
Why shou'd a Sprig grow up to be a Tree,
That wou'd breed nothing else but Caterpillars?
Ed. His Mother Swoon's, use means for her recovery.
Qu. Oh, my dear Son is kill'd! my Son is kill'd!
Speak to thy Mother, Son! can'st thou not speak?
Oh murd'rers, Butchers, Traytors, Cannibals.
Ric. Hence with this raying Woman.
Qu. Ay hence with me,
Out of the world; I prithee, *Richard*, kill me:
Murder is all the Almes thou giv'st the miserable;
Bestow thy bloudy Charity upon me;
Have pity on a Queen that begs it of thee.
Ric. We pity not those that are born to beggery;
If thou dost beg, 'tis but thy native poverty.

Ed.

Ed. Insult not o're a miserable Woman;
Madam, I pray go hence, you shall be us'd
With all respect.
Qu. All the respect of Murderers
Is death; Oh! bloudy *George* do thou bestow it.
Geo. I swear I will not do thee so much kindness.
Qu. Ay, but thou useſt to forswear thy self.
Ed. Madam, pray go——
Qu. Oh! *Edward*, *Richard*, *George*,
Be it to you, and yours, as to this Prince,
For 'twere a shame the Sons of Executioners
Shou'd e're be Kings.
Ric. Away, with her?——away with her.
[*The Guard lead out the Qu. and carry out the Pr.*
Now I will to the *Tower* to dispatch *Henry*, (*Aside.*
Till he be kill'd our work is done by halves. [*Ex.*
Geo. Sir, If you please, I'll visit my young Bride. [*Ex.*
Ed. I have a Beautious Bride to visit too—— [*Ex.*

Scene, a Room in the Tower, Henry *Sleeping*. *Enter the Ghost of* Richard *the Second.*

Gh. Wake, *Henry*, wake to weep, then sleep for ever;
Thy Kingdom's gone, thy only son is kill'd,
A Dagger is preparing for thy Bosom;
And when thy bloud is shed, my bloud will sleep.
I'm that King *Richard*, whom thy Grandfather
Depos'd, and murder'd; and both long and loud
My bloud for vengeance call'd, and vengeance had,
First in the wounded Conscience of thy Grandfather,
Whom all the Royal Oyntment cou'd not heal.
He liv'd in trouble, and he dy'd with horror.
And next on the short life of thy great Father;
Who liv'd no longer than to beget thee,
Who hast lost all the glories of thy Father,
And dost inherit nothing but the curses,
Due to thy Grand-father; nor doe's the storm
Of vengeance only fall on the Usurpers,
But on the Souls, and miserable Race
Of all the Traytors, and the Fools, that Flatter'd
Thy Grandfather's successful Villany;
Who did not know, Kings cannot dye alone.
And now their names are rotting, Children dying,
Their Houses burnt on Earth, their Souls in Hell.
Grin at your Grandfathers, you dying wretches

Cover'd all o're with ſhame, and duſt, and bloud:
For this Eſtate their Villany conveigh'd you,
Th' aſcending dirty Vapours of the Earth
Breed all the ſtorms ith' Ayr. When e're Oh! *England*,
Thou haſt a mind to ſee thy Cities fir'd,
Thy people ſlaughter'd, and thy Country deſolate,
Send all the dirty Traytours in the Kingdom
To climb the Royal Rights, and Throne invade,
Then a high road for vaſt deſtruction's made.

The Ghoſt goes out, and enters with ſoft Muſick one clad in a white Robe.

Spir. Let not this frightful Viſion, pious *Henry*,
Diſturb thy gentle Soul; it is not rais'd,
To breed a ſtorm, now thou art near thy Haven;
Rather to calm the Tempeſt in thy mind,
By pointing to thee, on what diſmal Rock
Thy Kingdom, and thy life are caſt away,
The bloudy uſurpation of thy Grandfather.
The Crown of *England* is not made of Clay
The Common people, ſo can ne're be crumbled
Into that dirt, 'tis not compos'd if it:
Nor made of Iron, the Sword, ſo cannot ruſt;
But of unmingled ſolid laſting Gold,
Of Antient Rights, and 'tis the gift of Heav'n,
Therefore to Heaven only can be forfeited,
Therefore 'tis call'd Imperial and Sacred,
And therefore carefully rail'd in by Laws;
And torn will be his ſacrilegious hand,
Who has no Right to it, and yet dares reach it,
And dares preſumptuouſly pretend a Right,
Becauſe he ſtands upon the peoples heads,
Such was the bold Ambition of thy Grandfather,
And heav'n frowns upon his Sins, not thee:
Then do not think thy ſelf unkindly us'd,
Religious *Henry*, that Heaven takes away,
What is not thine; all that is truly thine
Thou ſhalt not part with, but for great advantages,
Thy Son is taken from thee here, to live with thee
Above for ever; thou ſhalt loſe thy life,
Only to exchange it for Eternity;
Loſe humble quiet, for exalted Joy;
A taſte of which wafted in Heavenly Harmony,
Pure as this lower droſſy air admits,
I bring thee down to raiſe thy Spirits high.

A SONG

Sung by Spirits to King Henry *as he lies asleep.*

Come, Heavenly Spirits, comforts bring,
To the most miserable thing,
Can be on Earth, a Ruin'd King.

As all the Joyes on Earth Unite,
To make his prosp'rous Fortune bright;
So every woe, to shade his Night.

He has but one poor Joy, the Grave,
A thing that's free to every Slave,
And that with ease he cannot have.

For Daggers, Swords, and Poyson lye
To guard his Tomb, and make him buy
With pain the wretched ease to dye.

But comfort, Prince, thy death is near,
For Dead thou hast no more to fear,
A fallen Monarchs Hell is here.

To Fortune he can nothing owe,
For all that e're she did bestow,
He payes again in heavy woe.

They Vanish; and Henry *wakes.*

Hen. What have I seen and heard?—Oh! come my murderers,
And set me forwards on my way to Heaven,
Whilst I've such rich provisions for my journey.

Enter Richard *and the Keeper.*

Here comes my murderer, less horrid to me
In bringing Death, than bringing to my sight

The

he horrid Author of my ſweet Son's de
For ſo in dream it was reveal'd to me.
My bloudy Grandfather deſtroy'd King *Richard*,
And now a bloudy *Richard* deſtroys me.

Ric. Go, leave us to our ſelves, we muſt conſer.

Hen. What bloudy Scene has *Roſcius* now to Act?

Ric. Do you ſuſpect me? fear haunt's guilty minds;
The Thief thinks every buſh an Officer.

Hen. The Bird that ſees the Buſh where once it ſelf
Was lim'd, and it's ſweet young lim'd caught and kill'd,
Cannot but hover round it with misdoubt.

Ric. What an aſpiring Fool was he of *Creet*,
Who taught his Son the office of a Fowl?
And drown'd the Boy by teaching him to fly.

Hen. Indeed my Boy was *Icarus*, thy Brother
Edward the Sun that did diſſolve his wings,
And thou the gulph that ſwallowed up his life.
But many a thouſand wretched Father more,
And many an Orphans water-ſtanding eye,
And many a Widows Groan, and old man's Sigh
Shall rue the Hour that ever thou waſt born.
When thou waſt born, nature by horrid ſignes
Gave notice to the world of coming Miſchief;
The Birds of night did ſhrieke and cry to tell,
That Hour there was a Child of darkneſs born.
Winds blew down Trees as hell were making gallowſes,
Thy mother had a kind of Helliſh pain
As She had been in labour of a Devil.
Thy legs came firſt, and thou wert born with Teeth,
And cam'ſt to bite——

Ric. I'll hear no more——dye, Prophet, [*Stabs* Hen.
For this (among the reſt) I was ordain'd!

Hen. I, and for much more ſlaughter after this.
Heaven forgive me my ſins, and thee this murder!

Ric. Thou didſt ſay truth, I came with my legs forward
Into the World, but 'twas to o're take thee,
And all that ſtand between the Crown and me.

Enter the Lieutenant.

Ric. What noiſe is that?

Lieu. The King is coming, Sir,
And all the Court with him, to ſee the Priſoner,
And comfort him; the King intends to keep
His Court here till his Coronation.

Rich. Nay, then I muſt be gone, he will be angry
At what I've done— [*Ex.* *Enter*

Enter Edward, George, *Train, Guard.*

Ed. Where is your prisoner?

Lieu. He's murder'd.

Ed. Murder'd? Oh! thou bloudy Villain
Durst thou do this, when I commanded thee
To give him all Princely respect and usage?

Lieu. Sir, on my knees I do beseech you hear me:
Your Brother, my Lord *Richard*, came to visit him,
And was left with him by his own command,
And now he's fled; that none but he cou'd do this deed.

Geo. Sir, I believe him; this is like my Brother.

Ed. Heaven to his crooked shape has bent his soul.
He was design'd for mischief, and thrust forward
Unfinish'd in the World to lose no time:
And I believe if we don't watch him narrowly,
He'l make no scruple to use us as rudely,
For crowding rudely into the world before him;
But I believe I'm safe, *England*, by this time,
Has had enough of Rebels, and Usurpers.
I fancy now the Sons of those poor Genlemen,
Those honest foolish cheated Gentlemen,
Who did turn Rebels but they meant no harm,
Who fought their *King*, slaughter'd their Friends, and Kinsmen,
Destroy'd their Country, but they meant no harm,
And for reward had all their houses burn'd,
Their Wives and Daughters ravished, their lands seiz'd,
And themselves knock'd o'th' head, but meant no harm.
I say, I fancy their unhappy Off-spring
Will prove exceeding honest Loyal Subjects,
For by their Fathers Ruine they have learnt Wit.

Geo. That's all a Nation gets by Civil War.

Ed. Yes, with the Prodigal they learn, 'tis better
Obeying their Kings, the Fathers of their Country,
Than run and waste their Fortune and their Liberties,
And do the drudgeries of proud Usurpers,
Who will perhaps set 'em to keep their Swine.
And after a long beggery and slavery
Return with shame and sorrow to their Loyalty.
Take up the Body of that unfortunate Prince,
I will bestow Royal interrement on it.
His, and the Kingdom's dreadful Ruines prove,
A Monarch's Right is an unshaken Rock,
No storms of War nor time can wear away,
And Wracks those Pirates that come there for prey. [*Ex.*

EPILOGUE.

To a cley'd lover, [illegible]
How pall'd she seems, [illegible]
He Shuns her sight, [illegible]
Damn her, he [illegible]
So nauseous and unpleasant [illegible]
All the delights of [illegible]
Newon Religious Brawls you [illegible]
When sinners grow devout, they're [illegible]
The Nation of a natural humour [illegible],
That in vile Pamphlets [illegible]
The ayd of Rascals [illegible]
Is in a malady as desperate.
As the young Spark, who late Religion scorn'd,
Grown deadly sick, is a Fanatick turn'd,
And begs in bits o' Paper up and down,
The Prayers of all the Godly of the Town.
Oh! we are sick, at least our brains are bad,
England is ne're devout till it is mad.
Our Fathers to their cost did find it so,
And small things will make mad men fight, you know.
Oh! what a Bedlam once was this sweet place,
When graceless Rogues did Fight about free-grace?
And wilful Fools wou'd obstinately spill
His blood, who durst say man had a free will?
Of all our Civil broyles, those we have shewn
To day, our Nation with least shame may own.
For Subjects then for loyalty did fight,
And Princes to maintain their Royal Right.
Yet those rich Ornaments were [illegible]
From gracing that fowl [illegible]
How ugly then she is when ridden [illegible]
With Pope before, but Presbyter [illegible]
Such a poor Nation's case is very evil:
Those two wou'd ride a Kingdom to the Devil.
Learn then, by what you have beheld to day,
To keep your wit, and money wholest you may;
Better at Dice to throw away your Wealth,
Your time at cursed Plays, with Punks your health,
Than by damn'd senseless bloudy strifes, about
No one knows [illegible], beered on by the Rout,
Have your Wealth plunder'd, and your brains beat out,
And dye like Jesuites to be thought devout.

FINIS